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WEEKLY TOLEDO BLADE

WHO For President IN 1892?

See Fourth Page.

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Poetry.

LYRICS OF THE DAY.

Moonlight Song, from Gilder's "Two Worlds and Other Poems."

I.

'Tis twelve o' the clock.
The town is still;
As gray as a rock
From gable to sill
Each cottage is standing.
The narrow street
(Where the tree-tops meet),
From the woods to the landing,
Is black with shadows;
The roofs are white,
And white are the meadows;
The harbor is bright;
Can this be night?

II.

'Tis twelve o' the clock,
The town is still;
As still as a stock
From harbor to hill.
The moon's broad marge
Has no stars near,
Far off, how clear
They shine, how large!
Something is strange
In the air, in the light!
Come forth! Let us range
In the black, in the white
Through the day-like night.

III.

In the elm trees all
No flutter, no twitter;
From the granite wall
The small stars glitter.
A filmy thread
My forehead brushes;
A meteor rushes
From green to red.
Naught is but the bliss
Of this dark, of this white,
Of these stars—of this kiss,
O my Love and my Light
In the day and the night.
—[Richard Watson Gilder.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine;
Too long through weary crowds I roam—
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home!

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
To supply office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come,
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned.
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And where I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
—[Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1832.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifle?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted;
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power;
And beneath that cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words, to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you;
If you love them, tell them so.
—[Woman's Journal.

Miscellany.

PHILOSOPHY AT NEWPORT.

The Belles and Beaux are not Such Ninnies as They Look.

It is a bright society reporter who affirms that she heard more philosophy at Newport this summer than she ever heard before, says a writer in the New York *Recorder*.

There is a general belief to the effect that lilies of the field do not, as a rule, philosophize. But this particular little woman scouts the belief.

"Nonsense, my dear," she says. "Why should not the lilies of the field, as you are pleased to designate them, why should they not philosophize? Having no spinning or toiling to take up their time, they have nothing to do but compose epigrammatic speeches. And as near as I can ascertain, that's about all a philosopher does. It was a belle who astonished me first. I overheard her talking to another belle—her confidante—at the Casino.

"What have you and Tom been plotting about all the morning?" said the friend.

"'Tis true, my dear, and see how men differ from women. Tom and I have just sworn an eternal alliance. We are to be friends—staunch, unchanging friends. I could have no greater token of Tom's esteem for me than this proffer of friendship, but there could hardly be a more signal proof of my indifference to him than my enthusiastic acquiescence.'

"'Rather rough on Tom, eh?' said the friend.

"'He'll find it so later on.'

And then they both laughed.

It was at a ball that I received my next shock. Near me stood a melancholy-looking man watching the scene before him with grave eyes. Along came a fluttering, kittenish, coquettish little woman, and tapped him on his arm with her fan.

"Monsier Graveface!" she exclaimed gaily, "why such a pensive look!"

"Madame," he replied, with a courtly bow, "I weep over a grave."

"The grave of the woman you love!" she said, with fashionable insolence.

"Nay, not so. It is the sepulchre of my youth."

She started as if a breath of cold air had struck her bare shoulders, glanced at a mirror involuntarily, shivered and walked away.

How they dread age—those fashionable dames.

The next bit of philosophy was the one that staggered me most, however. There were two chappies sitting in the sun, sucking their canes. One of them said:

"Isn't it strange that Mr. K., who is so shrewd, should make so many blunders in dealing with people?"

"Not at all, my dear fellah," said the other, and stupider-looking one after a lengthy pause. "Don't you know K. overreaches himself because, being exceptionally intelligent himself, he can't realize what a stupid world this is."

Isn't that philosophy for you? And who would have thought it? Say not that a man may not gather figs of thistles after this.

FOOLED BY MOSBY.

How the Confederate Guerilla Got the Federal Password.

"The man with the coolest nerve I ever met," said Colonel A. E. Seifert, who was in a reminiscent mood, to a New York *Herald* reporter, recently, "was Colonel John S. Mosby, late C. S. A. I was a high private at Harper's Ferry when that place was captured by "Stonewall" Jackson in 1862. After waiting for some time for our exchange we were ordered down to Fairfax Court House, Va., where we were on the lookout for Mosby.

One cold, clear night in February, 1863, I was on picket duty on the Warrenton road. I had post two. I was walking my post almost on the double quick, trying to keep warm, when I heard a troop of cavalry coming down the Warrenton road at a quick trot. They were stopped by the man on post one all right, and then came down on my post.

"When they came close enough to me I halted them.

"'Friends with the countersign,' was the answer to my challenge.

"'One man dismount and advance with the countersign,' was my next demand.

"A well dressed officer dismounted and advanced to the point of my bayonet and gave the countersign 'Jamaica.'

"'Countersign correct,' I shouted, pass on.'

"There were about three hundred of them; a motley crew in appearance, but they were a jolly lot, singing, talking and laughing. They passed on, and in due time I was relieved and soon was sound asleep.

"Early the next morning the sergeant of the guard roused me up and told me I was wanted at headquarters. In charge of an orderly I went. When I got there, the man who was on post one was ahead of me. He was ushered into the presence of General Alexander Hayes, our commanding officer, and when he came out I went in.

"'You had post two at —— last night?' demanded the general.

"'I had sir.'

"'Tell me about the troop of cavalry that passed your post?'

"I told him what had happened.

"'Well,' he said grimly, 'you played hell,' and he dismissed me.

"I discovered pretty soon that the men I had passed were Mosby's command with Mosby at their head. They had ridden through the entire camp, taken the tent of one of the general officers, mounted him on a mule and escaped with him to the Confederate lines.

"How did he get the password? We found out that afterward. At one of the outposts was the rawest kind of a raw German. While he was on picket duty a man dressed in captain's uniform with the red sash of the officer of the day across his breast approached him. He challenged and the officer responded.

"'Officer of the day, with the countersign.'

"'Advance and give the countersign.'

"The officer advanced and gave a word which was not the correct one.

"'That's not right,' said the sentinel, 'and you can't pass.'

"After considerable wrangling, the officer insisting that his word was right, he exclaimed, angrily, 'What word have you got?' The man said, 'The sergeant of the guard gave me the word 'Jamaica,' and nobody can pass without it.'

"The officer was no other than Mosby himself. He had all he wanted, and, waiting for night, got his men together and made the successful raid.

"For cool nerve it beat anything I ever heard of."

JEFFERSON OF NEWARK.

He Wanted to See Mr. Jones But Mrs. Jones Kicked.

Some observing people at the Standard Theatre one evening last week saw a comedy going on in the audience that was quite as entertaining as the opera on the stage.

A bibulous and mistakenly effusive individual was passing down the aisle after the first act, when he suddenly espied his friend, Jones, sitting demurely with his wife and sister-in-law.

Tapping him familiarly on the sholder, the libulous one exclaimed: "Jones, my dear old fellow, I'm delighted to see you. John Jefferson and I were just talking about you. John is going over to Newark on the 11 o'clock boat, and he was anxious to see you on some business. Will you come out now and see him? and the effusive gentleman winked his right eye frantically at Jones.

Mrs. Jones, in the meantime, became fairly rigid in her righteous indignation. Jones prudently declines the invitation.

This friend became insistent. Jefferson of Newark was waiting. Jefferson of Newark had business matters to talk over. Jones, who was genial in an embarassing position, at last got rid of his friend, who walked away backwards, still rolling his right eye in a manner frightful to behold.

Jones had some trouble in pacifying Mrs. Jones, but at last harmony was restored and the observers turned their attention to the stage.

At the close of the second act back came the officious friend. His voice was fairly huskey with emotion as he pictured Jefferson of Newark waiting in solitary state in the adjacent hotel.

There was also a noticable tendency to abbreviate his words so that his remarks sounded like: "Mdear ole fel ain y comn out zhe your fren Jefson?"

More righteous indignation on the part of Mrs. Jones, more soothing remarks on the part of Mr. Jones, departure of the meddlesome friend.

But peace did not reign long. The mutual friend of Jefferson of Newark and Jones of New York again returns and this time passes a card to Mr. Jones.

After a troublesome search for his glasses, Jones read the card. A little spare cash changed hands and the officious one departed for good.

But if Mrs. Jones had been rigid before she was fairly ossified now in her upright immovability.

Jones took a sidelong look at her and held council with his sister-in-law.

Then gently and by degrees he attempted to break through the icy reserve which hedged Mrs. Jones round about. But not all the king's horses nor all the blandishments of Jones could make Mrs. Jones the same gentle, trusting, affectionate creature that she had been before the advent of the wall-eyed friend of Jefferson.

Whether the comedy developed into a tragedy later on who but the sister-in-law can say?

But if Jones—poor genial, unfortunate, hardbeset Jones—sees this paragraph it may comfort him to know that he had sympathers in the row behind him.—[N. Y. Record.

'Twas Ever Thus.

A college professor and his daughter sat at a hotel table with the narrator of the story. In the course of conversation the professor, wishing to express negation, made use of the objectionable form "nope."

"Father," said the daughter energetically, "you shouldn't say 'nope;' you should say no."

"I suppose so, my dear," acquiesced the father. "It is the force of habit that makes me say nope."

"Why, father, have you always said nope?" inquired the young lady.

The father reflected for a moment. A dreamy smile lit up his features and he gently and peacefully murmured, "Yep."—[Philadelphia Record.

A Delicate Olfactory.

Murphy—"So you left yer job in the Heclamet Club?"

Durfie—"Ah, I couldn't stand de smoke of the dudes' cigarettes."—[Puck.

He Must Have Been a Bostonian

Big Brother—"I should like to know what you've been flirting with that fool Saphead for?"

Pretty Sister (indignantly) — "I haven't."

"Yes, you have. He told a friend you stood before him for ten minutes as if entranced and you looked straight into his eyes as if you would read his very soul, and he said if ever ardent admiration shone in a human face it did in yours."

"Huh! The fool! I was looking at my own reflection in his eye-glasses."—[New York Weekly.

The Newspaper as a Consoler.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away?

Mrs. Golightly—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget that he isn't there.—[Puck.

A Great Game.

Mr. De Winter—"Where did you hear all this long story, anyway?"

Mrs. De Winter—"Oh, Mrs. Gadabout told me all about it while we were playing whist last night."—[Somerville Journal.

Our Serial Story.

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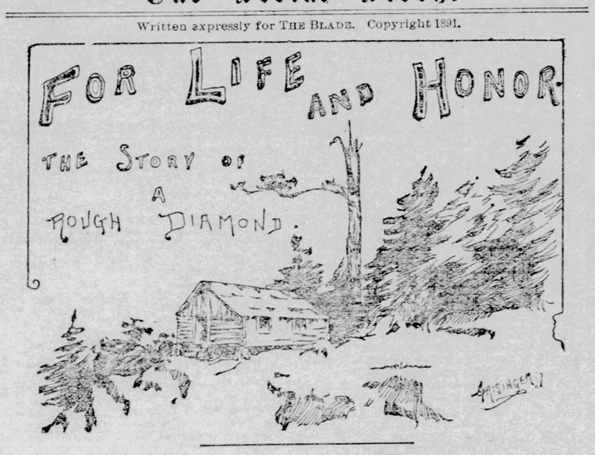

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGE TEMPEST AGAIN.

Kate arose the next morning languid and unrefreshed. Her sleep had been broken, and her dreams all of danger and difficulty, leaving a mental impress when morning came. When she reached the breakfast room it was late, and she found that all had eaten the morning meal and gone about their various avocations. She could eat but little, and then making a brave effort to throw off the feeling of lassitude and perplexity which beset her, she arrayed herself in street costume and started for a brisk morning walk.

It is a singular thing that the disposition of persons can very often be told from the manner in which they meet the various crises of life. The energetic, hopeful ones strive to drive away perplexity by the display of activity. The mental weaklings sit with folded hands and nurse their grief or bewail their illfortune, without making an effort to throw it off.

Kate's fine mental balance and strong, elastic physical organization made her impatient of the perplexing thoughts that crowded upon her, demanding a solution at her hands, and her natural instinct was to get out into the open air and bright sunshine, that she might the more easily shake them off. But she found, as many others have done to their own sorrow, that black care rides upon the shoulder and will not dismount. The sunshine was pleasant, the walk invigorating, but it brought her no nearer a conclusion in her own mind as to what answer she should give Mr. Clayton when he made his proposal.

It may be doubted whether Mrs. Vandeveer was altogether wise in bringing matters to a crisis by having an explanation with her daughter on the previous evening. Had she known all the facts in the case regarding Kate's heart history, she certainly would not have done so, but she had never dreamed that George Tempest, Kate's playmate and schoolmate—although not one word of love had ever been passed between the young people—had stolen her heart without her knowing it.

It must be remembered that Kate believed George Tempest dead. Had she known that he was living, though a fugitive from justice, with the fearful charge of murder hanging over him, her heart's loyalty would not have wavered for an instant. Her answer to young Clayton would have been a most emphatic "no." But she believed George Tempest dead. Her affection for him was not so strong as to lead her to the Quixotic length of dedicating herself to a single life. But she felt no disloyalty in the idea of pledging herself to become the bride of another.

The day passed slowly and wearily. She endeavored to read, but her book was unigteresting. She sat down at the piano, and as her hands strayed over the keys, almost unconsciously, the sad strains of "The Land of the Leal" floated out upon the air. She turned impatiently from the instrument with a sigh. The pathetic ballad had been one of George's favorites.

Late in the afternoon Harry returned from Sacramento, and was astonished when he entered the house at the warmth of Kate's sisterly greeting.

"Why, Kate, what's the matter? You look as if you had been crying."

"Nothing, Harry, except that I feel lonely and low-spirited. The house is not the same when you are away."

"Then, we will try and have it resume its condition of pristine noise as soon as possible. Come along, girlie, old Sir Guy Juventi has been composing a couple of waltzes, arranged for violin and piano. You know what an enthusiast the old fellow is in the musical line. He gave me a copy, which I have in my valise. Just let me run up to my room, to get some of the dust of travel off me, and we will try them."

Harry was a very fair amateur violinist. He took his instrument from its case, Kate seated herself at the piano, and they proceeded to try the waltzes. The music was light and lively, and in its intervals Harry gave bright descriptions of scenes and incidents of his trip, with the result that Kate's mental equipoise was very speedily restored, at least in a measure.

Early in the evening Kate went to her room to dress in order to be ready for the expected visit of Mr. Clayton. She felt brighter and calmer than she had at any time during the day. A mental reaction had set in, and she threw off the worried feeling, that she was not called upon to decide at once, that until Mr. Clayton saw fit to ask the momentous question she need not be expected to be prepared to answer it, and altogether she entered the parlor when that gentleman was announced with a feeling that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do what she would, however, Kate could not divest herself of a feeling of self-consciousness, which produced evident embarrassment in her manner whenever her gaze met that of Mr. Clayton. It is not strange, then, that this young man should misinterpret this, and that as a consequence he should rush headlong on his fate.

Kate was striving her utmost to appear perfectly at ease, and naturally

MR. CLAYTON'S PROPOSAL.

kept talking briskly, uttering whatever happened to come uppermost in her mind. This further aided in misleading Mr. Clayton, for he had never seen her so unconstrained or so affable in her manner as she was this evening. He endeavored several times to bring the conversation into a somewhat personal channel, but Kate chatted on, and changed the conversation each time before he could utter the words he wished.

Mr. Clayton was a somewhat bashful man, as it was the first time that he had ever attempted to make a proposal. So time passed on until it was nearly the hour for terminating his call. He nerved himself for a desperate effort, and interrupting the conversation on an operatic celebrity who was expected to make a San Francisco *debut* the coming week, turned suddenly upon Kate and said:

"Miss Vandeveer, pardon me, but I have something very important to say to you to-night. I have known you for a long time, and the more I see of you the more the favorable impression which I entertained the first time I saw you has been deepened. I—in fact—I wish to say to you—Miss Vandeveer, I love you! You are the only woman whom I have ever loved! May I hope that I am not indifferent to you?"

Kate gave a quick gasp, and a tide of crimson suffused her face, coloring even her brow. All her thoughts were in a whirl, and she sat silent, her eyes downcast, mentally exclaiming to herself, "Oh, what shall I say?"

Mr. Clayton misinterpreted this, as he had every action during the whole evening. Her hands were crossed in her lap. Reaching down, he gently took them in both his own and whispered the words: "Kate, may I hope?"

"Oh, please don't," were Kate's first words, and she drew her hands from his detaining clasp and turned her eyes upward to meet his. He was astonished to see her blue orbs swimming in tears.

"Kate, for God's sake, don't say that you have been playing with me all these weeks," exclaimed Clayton.

"No, no; I have not, indeed," was her reply. "But, how could I know, how could I tell that you were—" and dropping her head in her hands, she gave way to a fit of weeping.

Mr. Clayton regarded her tenderly, an anxious look upon his face. Then, as she partially recovered her composure, he went on:

"Believe me, Miss Vandeveer, I do not wish to distress you. Probably I have been abrupt. I hoped, however, that you knew or guessed the feelings which I entertained toward you, and I dared to hope that you were not displeased that I should aspire to your hand. I have uttered words to you to-night that I never spoke to any woman before. I love you, deeply, devotedly. I have no wish to press you for an answer. Only say that I am not displeasing to you, and take your own time to answer my question."

The young man rose to his feet and stood looking down upon her. Kate glanced upward into his face and felt remorseful—why, she hardly knew. Rising, also, she extended her hand, saying:

"Mr. Clayton—I—I was not prepared for your question. You are not displeasing to me most certainly. Pray, let me have a few days to consider, will you not?"

Clayton took the hand which she extended, answering frankly: "Most certainly. I will call one week from to-night for your reply. Is that sufficient?"

"Oh, thank you!"

Clayton bent over and kissed the hand resting in his own palm, and then, with a brief "Good night," he was gone.

Kate stood leaning upon the back of her chair until she heard the hall door close. Then like a bird she darted from the parlor, with an instinctive feeling that she must see Harry at once and get his advice. Harry would understand her. How foolish she had been not to take him into her confidence during the afternoon!

Early that evening, immediately after tea, Harry Vandeveer, all unmindful of Kate's *distrait* appearance, left the house and proceeded down town at a brisk pace. There were some odds and ends of business which he desired to transact, and he had not visited the office which his father used since his return from Sacramento.

Since Col. Vandeveer had retired from active business life he had occupied merely desk-room in a large office belonging to a business firm, it not being necessary that he should have regular quarters of his own. A large double desk, at one side of the spacious office belonging to Henderson & Co., served all necessary purposes.

Harry used this desk far oftener than his father, and, of course, had a key to the office door, which would be locked at this time and the room vacated by its other occupants. It was a first floor in an elegant building, which was a perfect hive of brokers and lawyers.

When Harry arrived there he found, as he expected, the office unoccupied. Unlocking the door he went in, and seating himself at the desk took some papers from his pocket, which he placed in their proper pigeon-holes, and then opening several letters which had been delivered during his absence, began to possess himself of their contents.

It had grown so dark that he was obliged to light the gas. The brilliant light which it threw down upon his face brought out his features distinctly to any one passing along the pavement outside the window, near which he sat.

A man in rough, semi-nautical dress, with a black, slouch hat drawn well down over his face, passed in a few minutes on the opposite side of the street. He was evidently interested as to who Harry could be, for after walking up the street to the next corner, he crossed and retraced his way down street on the opposite side. As he reached the lighted window near which Harry sat, he cast a piercing glance inside, and seeing that the latter was alone, entered the hallway quietly and peered through the sheet of plate glass in the office door, as if to assure himself. Satisfied on this point, he turned the knob carefully, and finding the door unlocked, swung it open and entered the room, closing it carefully after him.

The noise thus made attracted Harry's attention. He raised his eyes inquiringly to the intruder, who advanced in his direction.

"Good evening, sir. What's wanted?" said Harry.

The stranger stepped to the side of the desk and lifting his hat from his head, said: "Harry, don't you know me?"

The effect on Harry was startling. Well did he remember both face and voice; but he had believed for nearly a year that death stood betwixt him and George Tempest. Springing to his feet, he gasped: "Great heaveus! who are you? Is it yourself or is it your spirit?"

George grasped his uplifted hand with an affectionate pressure. "Do I feel or look very much like a ghost, Harry?"

"It is you, indeed, George," shouted Harry. "Great Heavens, man, how could you let us believe for so many months that you were dead?" And grasping George's hand in both his own, he wrung it with a fervor that attested his extreme joy. Even that could not content the exuberance of his delight, and seizing George by the shoulders, he whirled him about and seated him by force in the chair which he had just vacated, laughing and shouting in a transport of pleasure. "You dear, old fellow," he exclaimed, shaking George's hand again warmly. "I was never so happy in my life. Where have you been? What has happened? What was —"

"Hush, my dear Harry," said George. "Remember —"

"Remember? I cannot remember anything except that I am so delighted to see you. Where on earth —"

"Hush, hush, Harry," repeated George. "Remember, my dear boy, that I am still an outlaw; that if it were known that I am in the land of the living, I should not be safe one single hour here in San Francisco."

"So that was the reason? But you need not have kept us in ignorance of the fact that you were not really dead, George."

"Harry, the story is too long to tell just now as to why I did so. Let us go some place where we can be secure from interruption and talk over matters."

"Of course, certainly. We'll go right home and there will be the happiest set of people that you ever saw, my dear boy," said Harry, effusively.

"That would never do, Harry. No one but yourself of all the people who once knew George Tempest must know that he is yet alive, and that he was not months ago food for the catfish of the Mississippi. Is there no other place that we can go? This office is entirely too public. These great windows open directly upon the street, and the light here may attract some of your friends. I am anxious to be off."

"There's no place like home, George. I think you are wrong not to let the rest of our folks know of your arrival. But we can go quietly up to my room and nobody need know that you are there, unless you wish it. I hope, though, to soon talk you out of your foolish scruples about making your presence known. Do you suppose that any of our family would betray you?"

"No, Harry, I know they would not. But do they believe me innocent?"

Harry's face fell an instant. George's keen eye detected it, and nodding his head, he murmured sadly: "I thought as much."

"My dear George, you misjudge us all. Now, here's the truth about the matter and no concealment. Mother and Kate and myself believe thoroughly in your innocence; but the governor, bless his dear old soul, while he wants to believe in it, too, is somewhat shaken by the circumstantial evidence against you. Now you are here and can tell your own story. I am certain that when he listens to it, he will feel exactly as the rest of us do. Come on, let's go."

"I will go with you, of course, Harry, but we must be cautious. Now, it will not do for yourself to be seen walking with a sailor-looking man like myself. You take a car and go directly home, and I will walk up the back streets. You can be on the look-out for me, you know."

"Not by any manner of means, George. If you don't want to march up street arm in arm with myself, I will get a carriage. Just sit still here for two minutes." And snatching his hat he rushed out, leaving George alone.

The latter drew his hat over his face, turned down the gas, and sat quietly with his back to the window until the carriage rolled up in front of the building and Harry came in. Hastily bundling his letters into the desk, Harry seized George by the arm, locked the door as they passed out, and in a minute more they were on their homeward way.

Stopping the carriage within a square of the Vandeveer residence, the two young men alighted and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. In place of entering the mansion by the front door, Harry led the way to the side entrance, which admitted them to a cross hall which divided the residence portion of the mansion from the kitchen, servants' rooms and offices. A back stair-case gave them access to the upper portion of the house, and they reached Harry's room without being seen or heard by anybody.

At one time Harry had indulged in an artistic craze, and had then fitted up this room for the double purpose of a bed room and studio. It was a long apartment, with three large windows opening to the north. At one end was an alcove, occupied by his bed. The room was handsomely furnished, the walls hung with pictures and engravings. Many Indian and Mexican curiosities were scattered about, and altogether it was a charming bachelor's apartment.

"Here we are at last," said Harry, as he closed the door. "Now, take off your hat, take a chair and make yourself comfortable."

George gazed around the well-remembered room with a sigh. "Ah, Harry," said he, "this looks like home once more. How often have I thought of the happy times we have spent in this room, as I have been homesick and weary with my wanderings during the past year."

"Let us hope the homesickness and the wanderings are at an end," said his friend, heartily. "Sit down, George, sit down. Here's your favorite chair. It looks like old times to see you in it once more. Will you have some supper?"

"That's your old self, Harry. The prodigal is returned and you want to kill the fatted calf. I require nothing. I had eaten my supper before I set out to find you."

"Well, at least, you will have a cigar," said Harry, pushing the open box to him across the table.

Both young men lighted weeds. Harry then threw himself back in the chair, exclaiming:

"Now, George, I am devoured by curiosity. Let us hear your story."

"Very well. Where shall I begin?"

"First, did you receive the letter I wrote you at St. Louis, in answer to yours?"

"Yes, I received it the day I left St. Louis."

"Then, there's the point at which to begin."

George began his story, accordingly, with the receipt of the letter; but he said not one word concerning that second letter which he had received from Irma Montaldo; he told of his visit to the banking house, where he learned that some one from California was on his track; of the precautions he took in immediately leaving the city to mislead whoever it might be; of his reaching the steamer City of Memphis; his meeting with Jim Shanks; his struggle in the river, and his deliverance from a watery grave by being picked up by the two men of the house-boat; he explained how he had seized the opportunity which Shanks had given him by his lying narration, to cause all pursuit to cease simply by allowing himself to be considered dead.

GEORGE TEMPEST'S STORY.

The attack by Shanks excited Harry powerfully. He sprang from his chair and strode up and down the room in uncontrollable excitement, endeavoring to find a reason for Shanks's conduct.

"Have you no idea, George, why he wished to take your life?" demanded he.

"Nothing but a surmise."

"And pray what is it?"

A shade of embarrassment stole over George's face. "Only that he was employed by the real murderer of my uncle to put me out of the way, knowing that so long as I was alive efforts would be on foot to discover the truth, and that with my death the matter would undoubtedly drop, as I have no doubt it did."

"Yes," assented Harry. "But go on with your story. How long did you stay on the house-boat?"

"Until we reached Memphis. The City of Memphis had just left that point on her return trip upon the river. I went thence by railway to New Orleans, and from there to Matamoras."

"And where have you been since?"

"Traveling in Mexico—that is, if it can be called traveling. I engaged myself with some parties who were desirous of obtaining an interest in some Mexican mines, and stayed in that country longer than I first intended. When a man is making money, you know, he allows almost everything else to drop. But not long ago I found an excellent opportunity of disposing of the interest which I had obtained in the mining property at a handsome profit. The money your father sent me at St. Louis proved a profitable nest-egg. The net result of my speculations in Mexican mines has been a clear profit of $50,000. I determined to come to San Francisco, remain here secretly, letting none but yourself know of my identity, and through you to again set on foot an investigation for the purpose of finding out who committed thar murder. I shall stay here until that is accomplished, or until means fail."

"And I am with you heartily," answered Harry, with warmth. "But tell me—"

"I think, Harry," interrupted George, "that it is about time for you to take up the parable, and let me know all that has transpired in the year that I have been away. Begin at the point where you wrote to me and tell me all that has happened."

"Very well, old boy, here goes," Harry then acquainted George with everything that had occurred on the visit to Rosita; the extraordinary scene that himself and the detective had witnessed at the Montaldo residence on the evening of their arrival, the mysterious flight of Irma; the receipt of the news of his supposed drowning; the strange results of the investigation at the bank, and the conclusion at which Mr. Tipton had finally arrived regarding George's presumed guilt.

George rose from his chair almost at the beginning of the story, and walked reflectively up and down the room, with bowed head, making no comments whatever upon Harry's story, but occasionally asking some brief question on some point. His only remark when Harry had concluded was:

"Then, the murder remains just as much of a mystery as it was when I fled to the East. The task is a difficult one, but it is one that must be performed. I am not guilty and I shall not remain under the stigma if human ingenuity can unearth the real criminal."

"Murder will out, is an old proverb, and we'll prove its truth. But, now, George, please clear the mysterious things about your own conduct."

"And what are they?" asked he in return.

"Why, simply this. What is Irma Montaldo to you? What was the cause of the deep interest she took in your welfare? Why did you write to her from St. Louis, and do you know anything of her whereabouts at present?"

A deep flush rose in George's cheek. He was about to reply when hurried steps came flying along the hall, the door was suddenly burst open, and Kate Vandeveer ran into the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. CLAYTON'S CAUSE IS LOST.

Kate's entrance was so startling and unexpected that the two young men stood motionless. The girl had come to make a confidant of her brother, and she was entirely within the room and the door closed behind her before she noted that he was not alone. She was within a few steps of Harry when she became aware of this fact, and stopped suddenly, with a startled "oh!" glancing at the same time at her brother's visitor. That glance was simply one of inquiry, but when it fell upon the face of George Tempest, her blue eyes dilated with horror, the color forsook her face, and springing to Harry's side, she clutched his arm convulsively and dropped her face upon his shoulder to shut out the dreadful vision.

All day long she had been greatly worried, as we already know. The image of George Tempest had been before her constantly, and now, suddenly brought face to face with him whom she believed to be dead many months before, the first wild thought was that her mind had become unbalanced, that her eyes had deceived her and that her overheated fancy had conjured up his phantom.

"Oh, Harry!" she gasped, shuddering as she clung closer to her brother.

"Why, Kate, what's the matter?" said Harry in surprise. "Look up, my dear. Here is a piece of joyful news for you. Don't you know George Tempest?"

With a start Kate lifted her face and gazed in astonishment and terror at the supposed spirit.

"Don't be frightened, Kate; I am still in the land of the living," said George, stepping forward and extending his hands.

At the sound of that well-remembered voice Kate's face seemed transfigured. The revulsion from the anxiety and indecision of mind which had burdened her all the day was so great that she flew like a bird to George's arms and clasped his neck, exclaiming:

"Oh, George, George, is it really you?"

George embraced her tenderly, and in that moment of supreme happiness could not resist the impulse to imprint a kiss upon the rosebud mouth so temptingly near.

"My darling," he whispered.

"It strikes me, George," broke in Harry, with an assumption of judicial gravity, "that for a young man who desired his presence in San Francisco to remain unknown, you are spreading the glad tidings at an alarming rate."

His voice acted as a reminder to both the young people. George released his clasp, Kate stepped a pace or two away and, turning her blushing, gloriously transfigured face from one to the other, answered laughingly: "I could not help it, Harry. I was so glad to see him again, and so astonished to find that he really is not dead. Oh, George, where have you been for so long, and why did you not let us hear from you? And how could you let us all mourn you as dead?"

"There it is," exclaimed Harry, in a resigned tone. "The whole story's got to be gone over again. You should get it printed in pamphlet form, for the benefit of your friends, and save yourself from being talked to death."

"I am not too tired to give Kate a sketch of my adventures," smiled George in reply. Like Othello with Desdemona, George sat down and poured into her willing ear the same recital that he had just given to Harry. It was long past midnight when the three friends found themselves compelled to separate. And Kate even then declared that she was not half through questioning George or telling him things that she was certain he would like to know.

"Well, run along to your room, Kate, dear. As soon you can make yourself scarce, George and I will retire. George, of course you will remain with me to-night?"

But George would by no means listen to this arrangement. He had secured apartments in a quiet, unfashionable part of the city, and he declared that for various reasons he must remain thither. It was agreed that nothing was to be said to any one concerning him; it was even decided that the colonel should not, at least for the present, be told the astonishing news. George promised to return a little after 8 o'clock on the next evening, and it was mutually agreed that the three should spend the time in Harry's room, where they would discuss a plan of action.

When Kate bade the young man adieu, her glorious eyes shyly sought his. They caught so much meaning in return that the long, fringed lids sank over them as they sought the floor, and a deep flush again mantled her face; while the lingering pressure of his hand was more eloquent than any spoken words.

Kate sought her pillow, but what a change since the previous night! All the worry and doubt and distress were gone. Life's path was no longer dreary and desolate. Rose colored clouds overhung the future and——

A sudden recollection almost paralyzed her. In her overwhelming joy at meeting George Tempest she had forgotten utterly that Mr. Erastus Clayton had asked for her hand, and that she had promised him a definite answer.

"Oh, why was I such a little fool!" said Kate passionately to herself. "Why didn't I say 'No' and be done with it? I will be a thousand times harder to say it when he comes again."

It was but a few minutes after 8:30 on the next evening when Harry ushered George through the side entrance and up the staircase into his room, having first taken the precaution of ascertaining that the coast was entirely clear. Kate had been seated with her mother, and, making the excuse that she did not feel very well and would retire to her room, she hastened to the rendezvous. Tempest had arrayed himself in a more befitting garb than that which he wore on the previous evening, and very handsome indeed he looked, Kate thought to herself, as he rose on her entrance and stepped forward with extended hand to greet her.

Harry was slightly vexed at Kate's prompt appearance. The little episode of the preceding evening had opened his eyes, and he plainly saw that if George and his sister were not already in love with each other, they were dangerously near the point of becoming so, and in this new aspect of the case the still unexplained mystery that surrounded the relations of Tempest and Irma Montaldo had become a source of extreme disquietude.

Harry had pondered over the matter during the day without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. It would not do, he emphatically declared to himself, to allow Kate's affections to become engaged until the Montaldo matter was thoroughly explained. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced that his father should be informed of George's return. As Kate now shared the secret, it would be absolutely impossible to keep her from having many interviews with George—though the young man made a mental memorandum that these interviews should always be in his presence; and he furthermore determined to urge upon George the propriety of at once taking the colonel into their confidence.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," sang Burns, and Harry was destined to realize this to its fullest extent on this particular evening. He at first designed to have an explanation of the matter with George, but Kate's early arrival on the scene of course prevented this; and it would not do, Harry felt, to discuss the matter in her presence. Then, again, the three had not been seated together a quarter of an hour, and Harry had just began to explain his ostensible reasons for desiring that his father should at once be acquainted with the state of affairs, when there came a rap upon the locked door. George quietly disappeared behind the curtains of the alcove, while Harry answered the summons. Kate snatched up a book and was apparently deeply absorbed in its contents. When Harry opened the door it was only to hear a summons from his father to attend him immediately in the library. So, much against his will, he was compelled to leave George and Kate *tete-a-tete* and wait upon the Colonel.

"Ah, Harry," exclaimed the latter as Harry entered the library, "our friend Tipton has at last found a clue, I fancy. Read this telegram, which I have just received."

The message was dated at a little town in Western Kansas, and read as follows:

"Have all obtainable information regarding family. Start home to-morrow."

"The message is so brief as to be enigmatical," was Harry's comment. "Has he found the Piper family?"

The colonel rubbed his hands through his hair with a gesture of vexation. "True, Harry, our friend Tipton might have been more explicit. Knowing the anxiety that I feel to have this affair settled, and to get rid as speedily as may be of the trust I hold, he might at least have told us whether any of the family are living or not. "However," he continued with a sigh, "he will be here within a few days and then we will know all. I sincerely hope his mission has been most successful, though I fancy that had it been so, his telegram would have been differently worded." Here the colonel rose and strode reflectively up and down the room. "Indeed, Harry, it will be a perplexing predicament if it should unfortunately happen that all the Piper family are dead. Of course, the state will be the final beneficiary, but I must confess that it is with reluctance that I see such a disposition of my old friend's fortune," and the colonel heaved a heart-felt sigh.

It was on the tip of Harry's tongue to tell him that George Tempest was yet in the flesh, and that it was not probable that the state of California would become the residuary legatee; but he bethought himself in time and postponed the astonishing revelation until he had argued the point with George and obtained the latter's full consent.

"By the way, Harry," said the Colonel, suddenly stopping in his march up and down the room and resuming his seat at the table, "I did not call you entirely to make you acquainted with the contents of Tipton's letter. There is a family matter which I wish to discuss with you."

"A family matter, sir?" repeated Harry in surprise.

"Yes. Have you observed how frequently our young friend, Mr. Clayton, calls at this house?"

"Certainly, sir," responded Harry, "but I suppose that you and my mother noted this fact as well as myself, and that if you had not been satisfied with the course which events were evidently taking, you would yourselves have interfered in the matter."

"Yes, yes," said the colonel. "But the particular point on which I wish to consult you is to ascertain what you know concerning the young man. It is evident that he calls on Kate's account. She seems very well pleased with his society—though, I must say," continued he, musingly, "that I have not as yet, when both were in my presence, noted any of these little, almost intangible, at least almost indescribable evidences of affection on her part, which girls as a rule betray when their affections are concerned. But let that pass. Will you kindly tell me what you know of our young friend, Clayton?"

"I have an acquaintance with Clayton, of course," said Harry, "and I know in a general way his history. I am not intimate enough with him, however, to be able to pass an opinion upon his desirability as a prospective brother-in-law."

Harry then proceeded to relate what he knew of young Clayton, going over the same ground that he did in his letter to his sister from Rosita.

"Um, um," was the colonel's comment when the recital was finished. "Er—er, be frank, Harry; what is your real opinion of the propriety of allowing events to go on and shape themselves according to the wishes of these young people?"

Harry laughed. "Well

OLD DAYS AT WEST POINT

CAPTAIN KING'S REMINISCENCES.

The Preliminary Examination—Going Into Camp for the Summer—Fun for the Officers, But Death to the Poor Plebes.

(Written for the Blade by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. copyright, 1891.]

E had been drilling three times and reciting twice a day from the moment of our arrival at West Point until hauled up for "preliminary examination" after the 20th of June. Physically this was rigid and searching; mentally it was a mere bagatelle. We had all been measured for our uniforms (good old Morrison, rest his soul! telling me I wasn't half the man my father was before me, for he made his cadet and engineering uniforms away back in '23—a comparison which proved eminently well founded). We had thanked heaven most devoutly when our persecutors, the yearlings and the new first class were marched off to camp. The graduating class was rushed to the front, and the "furlough class," having completed just one-half the prescribed four years' course, were permitted to scatter homeward for a two months' visit. How quiet and peaceful and altogether delightful the deserted barracks seemed to us, with our tormentors away. One blessed week we were free from unauthorized bullying by day, though time and again those daring scamps of yearlings stole out of camp in the dead of night and, stealthily invading barracks while our guardians (?) were soundly sleeping, whipped our blankets from under us, leaving nothing but the bare boards of the flooring for our couch, and disappeared as noiselessly and quickly as they came, carrying with them our shoes, boots and bedding. Deaf as were the cadet corporals on duty to the scurry of their classmates, there was no reflection on their vigilance when we were the breakers of regulations. Venturing to strike a match and light our single gas jes that my Maine and Maryland roommates might join me in a search for shoes, in came at the instant a stern-faced cadet corporal. (How we have laughed over it since; he is now distinguished Major of engineers and I the banged up dragoon.) "How dare you have a light in quarters after taps? Consider yourself in close arrest, sir. What do you gentlemen mean by being out of bed at this hour of the night?"

"Cause we're out of bedding, sir," replies Mr. Greene, of Maine, with the broad grin that no cadet tormentors ever succeeded in banishing from his good-humored face. Cadet Corporal Miller knows this just as well as we do, but will tolerate no witticisms.

"No levity, Mr. Greene. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir. Men who can not guard their own property are not fit to be entrusted with the care of government stores. Stop that laughing, Mr. Greene. As for you, Mr. King, shoulder that broom and walk post here in the hall for the next two hours for lighting your gas without permission."

Meantime, of course, most of the plebes had been "turned out" and after an hour's search in the gymnasium, the barracks, cellars, on the wide level of the plain; indeed, far over toward camp where two of our number were fiercely surrounded and arrested by the now vigilant guards and marched off to prison on suspicion of being spies), the scattered blankets, sheets, etc., were recovered, and we were permitted to turn in again to get such rest as was possible 'twixt 4 o'clock and the reveille at 5.

And then, examination over, one fine day about the 25th of June, we poor young bears, with a world of trouble ahead of us, were marched across the cavalry plain to the glistening white tents of camp, there received with tumultuous acclamation by the whole yearling class—the seniors patronizingly looking on—were distributed to the companies to which we had been assigned; were shown in which tents to unload our "plunder," and then left to the tender mercies of the third class. In the summer of '61 the new class entered, over one hundred strong, and the yearlings reduced by resignations, etc., to barely thirty-five, managed to keep the plebes busily occupied. If under these conditions life was made a burden to the new-comers, think of our plight in '62, when the yearling class was bigger than our own. Think what it must have been in Company A of the Corps of Cadets in that memorable summer of '62 when I tell you that only eight plebes were assigned thereto, and were promptly notified that they must take care of the befledged that they must take care of the befledged that they must take care of the befledged

Talmage's Sermon.

ISLANDS FAMED IN HISTORY.

Standing on a Steamer's Deck at Midnight Watching the Island of Rhodes — Dr. Talmages' Sermon.

Dr. Talmage took two texts for his sermon at the Brooklyn tabernacle on Sunday. One from Acts xxi. 3, "When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand"; and Revelation i. 9, "I, John * * * was in the isle that is called Patmos."

Good-bye, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a postmortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the resurrection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Boulac, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the American desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history, Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization, upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable, the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation, the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pliny when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries like my friend, good and great Dr. Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. Instead of a destroying angel to slay the first-born of Egypt, the Angel of the New Testament will shake everlasting life from his wings over a nation born in a day. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there, far away from the sepulchers of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is a self-sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Good-by, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian Archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannanian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or, as I shall call it, the Gospel Archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that in which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was: Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed and it is: Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book. My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we going in the opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party, so we had plenty of room to walk the deck, and oh, what a night was Christmas night of 1889 in that Grecian Archipelago—islands of light above, islands of beauty beneath! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian Archipelago, the crown of the world's scenery set with sapphire and emerald and topaz and chrysopraeus and ablaze with a glory that seems let down out of celestial landscapes. God evidently made up his mind that just here he would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the beautification of earthly scenery.

The steamer had stopped during the night and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the Island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yea, when at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done, I say—when because of that bitter controversy Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconsfield, who under a lease which was as good as a purchase set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown. We went out into the excavations from which Di Cesnola has enriched our American museums with antiquities and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear-bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that sweep its coasts and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies (though $200,000 were expended by the British empire in one year for the extirpation of these noxious insects, yet failing to do the work) and the frequent change of governmental masters, hinders prosperity. But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in all ages past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the age to come.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone, a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smokestack, or meet him under the captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel Archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the ratlines Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice: "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unreasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there, and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands and famous in heaven when the world has become a charted wreck.

This island has had a wonderful history. With 6,000 Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against 200,000 warriors under "Solyman the Magnificent." The city had 3,000 statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building, and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fifty-six years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for nine hundred years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, was put on nine hundred camels and carried away. We were not permitted to go ashore, but the lights all up and down the hills show where the city stands, and nine boats come out to take freight and to bring three passengers. Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul stopped there. As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva, looked out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I bethought myself of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus not only of Rhodes, but the colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attemps to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever-present God, and that through Jesus Christ he comes into our hearts and our homes, and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection. He is with us in all our struggles and bereavement and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into this harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

As we move on up through this archipelago, I am reminded of what important part of the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, then the small ounces, and no one thinks of despising the small weights, so the continents are the pounds and the islands the ounces. A continent is only a large island, and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the island of Salamis produced Solon, and that the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the island of Coos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the part from among the islands, but I must see the king of the Archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I had rather, in this sail through the Grecian Archipelago, see that than all the others, for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come towards it I feel my pulse quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks 23 miles in circumference. A few cypruses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry and one day, under armed guard, the minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks, and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home, and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his "Divina Commedia" during the 19 years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Miserables" exiled from home and country on the Island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings, have had great revelations made to them. So Patmos, wild, chill, and bleak and terrible, was the best island in all the Archipelago, the best place on all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that in which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst led him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks and each wave has a voice and all the waves together make a chorus and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is to-day while we sail them in the Minerva, and they were like glass and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea, he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up, and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John, the exile, sees a great city, representing all abominations, Babylon, towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipes cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the caravan of Patmos, and John, the exile, sees a mounted Christ on a snow-white charger leading forth the cavalry of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clattering of hoofs, the clinking of bridle bits and the flash of spears, all earth's conquered and all heaven in doxology. And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turning over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture or fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle. The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight, I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern, nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

As on that day in the Grecian Archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of Heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of the ship: "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there by any more pain, for the former things have passed away."

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#3

The Sunday School.

Christ Betrayed.

LESSON VIII., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Golden Text:—The son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Mark 14:41.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 18:1-13.)

1. When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth from his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples.

2. And Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place; for Jesus oftimes resorted thither with his disciples.

3. Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

4. Jesus therefore, knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?

5. They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus said unto them, I am he. And Judas also, which betrayed him, stood with them.

6. As soon then as he had said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground.

7. Then asked he them again, Whom seek ye? And they said, Jesus of Nazareth.

8. Jesus answered, I have told you that I am he: if therefore ye seek me, let these go their way.

9. That the saying might be fulfilled, which he spake, Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none.

10. Then Simon Peter having a sword drew it, and smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear. The servants name was Malchus.

11. Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?

12. Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him.

13. And led him away to Annas first; for he was father-in-law to Caiaphas, which was the high priest that same year.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

A garden, into the which he entered, himself and his disciples (v. 1). A garden is a place of beauty and a place of quiet retirement; but a garden may be a place of personal suffering, and a place of bitter betrayal. And so with the most favored spot on earth; its beauty cannot guard the heart from sin, nor can its quiet retirement shield the heart from temptation or from treachery. It was in a garden that the first Adam yielded to temptation; it was in a garden that the second Adam was betrayed by a chosen disciple. He who would say of this most attractive earthly retreat, "Here is a spot where the surroundings themselves shall guard me from spiritual danger or trial," let him remember Eden and Gethsemane, and pray for help in his peril of soul.

Judas, which betrayed him, knew the place; for Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with his disciples (v. 2). Those whom we trust gain new power to harm us through the very confidence we repose in them. A close acquaintance with us and with our ways will enable one to betray us, if he is of a treacherous heart, as he might not if he had never been trusted. What is the lesson of this? Shall we be suspicious of others? God forbid! It were better to be betrayed by a friend than to live in suspicion of a friend. But let us have a care lest we misuse the confidence that has been reposed in us. There is more danger of our betraying others, than of our being betrayed; and, after all, it were better—ten times better—to be betrayed than to prove false or untrustworthy. That is the lesson for our heeding.

Judas then, having received the band of soldiers, and officers, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons (v. 3). A false heart is commonly a cowardly heart. He who would betray a friend can no more trust himself than he could be trusted. Such a man seeks outside help in his purposes of evil. So it is that we find Judas coming by night with a band of soldiers, with flaming torches, and with brandished weapons, for the capture of an unarmed, praying Son of man in a retired garden. So it is that we find the opponents of Jesus today coming against him with lights and weapons from all the false religions, and from all the disclosures and the speculations of scientific research. Even with all these helps, they are afraid that they can not take him captive. But the treacherous heart is sufficient for treachery, even without any outside support.

Jesus went forth, and saith unto them, Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way (vs. 4, 5, 8). Oh, the contrast between the first Adam and the last; between Eden and Gethsemane! Adam said to God, when the danger faced him: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Jesus, knowing his full peril, stepped forward to bear all the brunt of the conflict, saying: "I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way." Just in proportion as we resemble Adam in his sneaking and selfish cowardice, or Jesus in his unselfish and heroic courage, shall we seek to shield ourselves or to shield others, in view of the consequences of our personal conduct, in any and every emergency in life.

Simon Peter, therefore, having a sword, drew it, and struck the high priest's servant. Jesus said, put up the sword (vs. 10, 11). Even though it was treachery by which Jesus was betrayed, those who came out against him for his arrest came with the forms of authority; and Jesus would not resist the officers of government. The sword had its place in that day as in this. Jesus had told his disciples at one time not to carry a sword, and again to carry a sword. Had Peter been a magistrate, he might rightly have used a sword in the defense or in the execution of the decrees of government; for "the powers that be are ordained of God," and the ruler "beareth not the sword in vain" when "he is a minister of God, an avenger for wrath to him that doeth evil." When to draw a sword, and when to sheathe it, must be decided, not by personal feelings, but by the plain teachings of the word of God.

The cup which the Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? (v. 11.) It is for God to assign to us our duty; it is for us to do and to endure accordingly. We could not know as God knows what is best for his cause and for ourselves; hence God's choice is always safer than ours would be. Yet there is no point at which it is harder to be a faithful child of God than this very point of submission to the will of God, in the every-day details of conduct. We want to decide for ourselves how much we are to suffer and how much we are to enjoy. We want to choose our own path of duty, and then to have God's help in walking in it. Here is where the example of Jesus is set before us for our following. It was not because Jesus knew less than we know that he was more willing than we are to accept his Father's ordering in lesser matters and in larger. If we have his spirit of loving trust in God—however little we know, or however much—we shall have his spirit of willing obedience to the orderings of God.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

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The Camp Fire.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Dan Knight's adventure with the old lady and her smokehouse, in the Camp Fire, October 1, reminds me of an incident in which I was an actor, and of which I was heartily ashamed at the time being nothing but a boy. It was during Grant's first advance on Vicksburg by way of Holly Springs and Oxford, Miss. We had been marching for several days, during which the wagon road ran almost parallel with the railroad, in fact crossing it at short intervals. At one of those crossings, myself and another lad by the name of Cox concluded we would drop out of ranks and follow the railroad track to the next crossing, or until time to go into camp, (that was the last we saw of our troops for three days,) We trudged along very contentedly, as we could hear the constant rumble of our artillery and baggage wagons plainly. Just before night we emerged from the timber on to a fine plantation. The large mansion and numerous negro quarters and outbuildings denoted that it belonged to a person of wealth, but we saw no signs of life. We jumped into a small lot to investigate a pile of something, which proved to be yams. We buckled our belts around outside of our overcoats, and stowed away a good half bushel apiece. Then we started to return to the road, and in doing so passed to the rear of the house. While passing through the back yard we discovered some fine looking chickens. We thought they would taste good with our yams. We threw down our yams and went for the chickens. Around the lot we went, through the out buildings, into the hen house, under the porch, on the porch, around the house, under the house, we succeeded in capturing two apiece, but look at the result of our victory in our chase for the chickens; our coats had come unbuttoned, and the porch literally strewn with grey yellow yams, but we concluded that we had enough left for supper, so we picked up our guns and made another start for the road. Just as we were passing the kitchen the door opened and a girl about 16 years of age stepped out carrying a large tin waiter fairly loaded with roast meats, pie, cake, nice bread and butter, and following her was a handsome middle aged lady carrying a pitcher of sweet milk. The girl placed the waiter on the edge of the porch and stepped back, the elder lady came forward and said, "Soldiers, will you have something to eat?" To say that we were thunderstruck is too mild, we were completely beaten; of course we could not eat and hold our chickens and we lacked the cheek to tie them. We looked at each other and then at the tempting grub on the waiter; finally, with one accord, we dropped the chickens, and sheepishly seated ourselves on the porch and commenced to eat. The lady asked us what state we were from and if our parents were alive and how old we were, etc. She said it was awful to think of the temptations which young boys like us were exposed to in the army. She talked to us as only a mother can talk. She gave us good advice, and when we had eaten all we could she insisted on filling our haversacks with bread and butter and meat, and as we started off she kindly bade us adieu, and wished us a safe return home. I verily believe that lady was a Christian. I believe I was benefited by her advice. I hope the comrades will not accuse me of being too sentimental. I honor her memory yet.—DANIEL SPENCER, Co. C., 17th Iowa V. V. Inf'ty.

At Johnson's Island.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—One of Pemberton's men, captured with him at Vicksburg, gives the following incident which I think fully equals some of the happenings at Andersonville. He was sent as a prisoner to Johnson's Island and says that while there prisoners frequently made their escape by making ladders in quarters and then climbing by their means over the prison walls. They would cross to the main land on the ice. Escapes were made in this way so frequently, both by daylight and night, that orders were given the guards to shoot any one making the attempt without halting them. An undaunted rebel, a colonel, would try it in the face of almost certain death. In broad daylight, having completed his scaling ladder, he stormed the parapet and landed outside on the plank walk that was made for the guard, and almost within musket length of the sentry on duty. The guard quickly brought his piece to bear, and called upon Col. Johnny to halt. He halted. The corporal was called, the colonel returned to prison and the guard that captured him put under arrest for disobedience to orders. He should have killed the colonel. At the court martial he plead guilty, and said he was willing to undergo the punishment that they might award, as he deemed that to kill a prisoner when he knew that he could not escape, merely because he had made an attempt to do so, would be murder, and he could not do it. He was released without fine or punishment. That is not much like "Andersonville!" No, I think not. I missed that shot, it is true. Perhaps the night wind has somewhat affected my nerves. Never mind, I will try and do better next time. But notice this: The guard was white. The men composing the court martial were white, and their finding was white. My neighbor says they had short rations at the island, but does not charge it as a crime to Abraham, or to the government, not even to the Republican party, but says he thinks it was the best thing that could have been for the prisoners. He thinks it saved many lives by taking away their rations of meat, coffee, etc. And perhaps he is right. "I observed the rules of the prison, and was always treated like a gentleman." That is one of the reasons that one is treated like a gentleman, while another is maltreated like a dog.

Why, one was detailed as clerk at post headquarters, while another was hung by the thumbs regularly at 10 o'clock inspection. This is "dictated" by an earnest desire to see both sides fairly presented at THE BLADE'S Camp Fire.—HENRY KIRBY, Co. H, 93d Ills. Inft.

Word From the Navy.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—About April 15 the Grand Duke received orders to proceed down the river to Barnicksby via the Atchafalaya river, it being reported that some federal vessels were there. We were accompanied by the Webb, Queen of the West and Mary T., making four boats in all. The Queen of the West and Mary T. took the lead, while the Webb and our boat brought up the rear. The first named boats went down in the afternoon, and we were to follow the next morning. When we got within fifteen miles of the bay we met the Mary T. coming back under full head of steam, three or four big holes in her hull and wheelhouse, and as she passed us she yelled out through speaking trumpet: Queen of the West sunk and all on board lost, and that they had several killed and Yankee gunboats in hot pursuit. It took us a very few minutes to turn round and skedaddle back, in fact, we went back a great deal faster than we came down, and expecting every minute to hear the shots of the victorious Yankees crashing through our boats. When we reached Fort Derissy, 100 miles below Alexandria, we made a stand, that is tied up to the bank with our bows down stream (we had no anchor), so we could bring our two 32 old fashioned guns to bear on the approaching vessels. We stayed here several days, expecting every minute to see the "Yanks," but they did not come just then. I told Hugh that our time had now come to make a dash, so we got permission from the steward to go ashore a few minutes. The river bank was lined with thick undergrowth, so we found a thick place and hid till dark, and then proceeded down the river, bound for the Mississippi, where we knew we would find our friends. When we reached Simsport, on the Atchafalaya river, and while waiting for the ferry boat to return to this side of the river, several half drunken men came out to where we were sitting on the levee and wanted to know our business. I told them that we lived on the other side of the river, in Dr. Smith's neighborhood. Some negroes, in directing us to the mouth of the river, told us that we would have to go by this Dr. Smith's. It seems the doctor was in the crowd, and he asked us a few questions and found we were lying to them. One big, black whiskered guerrilla stepped up to me and says, "Hands up!" while I search you, and to give him a better chance to do so I attempted to rise up, when he said, "Down with you, you s—— of a——. After satisfying themselves that we had no papers, etc., on us as spies, they told us to consider ourselves under arrest. Some of the crowd proposed to hang us, as they swore we were Yankee spies that those d——d gunboats had dumped us off as they went up the river the day before. Oh, how unfortunate the boats had gone up the river and we did not get on board them. Well, they concluded not to hang us, but to send us up to Alexandria and let the military try us for spies. It was arranged that two of the men were to guard us in an empty store house until Monday morning, when they would take us up to Alexandria. The man took turn about guarding us, one in the first part of the night and the other in the after. They were armed with six shooters and double barreled shot guns. They made down a pallete on the floor with some blankets for us to sleep on. They would not let Hudson and I converse together, but I made him understand that I would try and get away that night, which was Sunday. We were captured on Saturday. I noticed that one of our guards was a very sleepy fellow, and nodded the most of the time while he was on duty, and as he had the after part of the night, Sunday night I thought we would have a pretty good chance to get away. As it happened it was a very dark night, and was misting rain, and it would be very hard for our guards to keep awake all night. About 2 o'clock our sleepy friend began to nod, so I pinched Hugh and managed to whisper to him to crawl out of the door and carry his shoes in his hand. I started first, after being satisfied that the guard was asleep, crawled on my hands and knees with Hugh following closely behind me. We got out without awakening our jailors and proceeded up the road at a good speed, and from that day to this, I have never seen anything of our faithful guards. To make a long story short we made the best of our way back to Alexandria, traveling most of the time at night, and there saw for the first time that dear old flag, that we had had so much trouble in finding. There is a small village opposite Alexandria called Pineville, where we got the first glimpse of the Terrible Yankee gunboats. There were seven of them anchored in front of the city, and I thought it was the finest sight I ever beheld. We could hear very plainly the boatsman's boson's mate giving their orders to the men, such as "all hands stand by hammocks" or all hands up boats. We went aboard the Lafayette the next morning, and shipped for one year, donned the blue and were Uncle Sam's boys, and how good we felt to know we were safe once more under the protection of our dear old Star Spangled banner. We enlisted on May 8, 1863, and were discharged on the 6th of May, 1864. I went to Findlay, O., to visit relatives; staid a few weeks, and then went to Cleveland, shipped in the navy again and was sent to sea. I was on the U. S. steamer Vanderbilt until the close of the war; had some pretty hard work at Fort Fisher, but came out without a scratch. I was discharged in June, 1865. If any of the old comrades were in the Mississippi squadron I would like to hear from them through the Camp Fire. The Union men in the South suffered untold hardships. I knew one man, an editor of a paper at Sherman, Texas, who was literally shot to pieces because he dared to keep the old flag flying at the head of his editorial columns. My mother and sister were traveling from McKinny to Dallas, and when about half way they met a hack with an old gentleman 70 years old, his wife and two daughters, going toward Dallas. They stopped and talked to my mother a short while; he stated that he had been arrested out of contempt because he was a Union man and that he was trying to get to Galveston and make his escape, but he told them he was afraid he would be killed before he could get out. He was right; in a few minutes after they left my folks several men overtook them and threw a rope around the old man's neck, jerked him out of the hack, dragged him to a tree and hung him while his wife and daughters were trying to prevent them. The women were knocked down with six shooters and kicked almost to death. Now these are verifiable facts. That was the way Union men were treated all over the South. I fear the editor will refuse to publish this, as it is my first attempt to write anything for publication. I find that it is a great deal harder job than I anticipated.—JOHN N. PATTERSON, United States steamers Lafayette and Vanderbilt.

At Lovejoy Station.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—After the charge of the 14th corps, September 1, 1864, at Jonesboro, Ga., and the evacuation of Atlanta, the rebels fell back to Lovejoy, and there we found them in line, ready to receive us. Our company was placed on picket one morning about 3 o'clock, and the picket officer advanced the picket line, so we went to work in the dark to build works out of rails. At daybreak there was such a heavy fog that we could see only a few rods from us; but soon the fog lifted like a curtain, and there in our front was a line of the enemy, like ourselves, building works. There was a brisk fire opened, and some lively steps taken to get behind the works. The rebels had met with defeat at Jonesboro, and we felt pretty good, so made it lively for them. None of our company were killed, but I think they all remember that day on picket. Our captain was slightly scratched with a ball. We kept up a rattling fire all day, and woe be to the reb or yank that dared to show their heads above the works, or try to pass from post to post.—ED. VERNON, Sergt. Co. F, 73th O. V. I.

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The "cork room" beneath the stage at Koster & Bial's is one of the peculiar haunts of the man about town and his base imitators. As such it is the objective point of many a jolly night out wherein the occasional visitor who does the slumming act puts up his cash for what he calls fun. The "cork room" is not so called because nobody enters it without being half corked or gets away without being fully so, but because it is decorated with champagne corks. They represent the bottles that have been opened in that little den. They stand for innumerable "jags." They tell of thousands of dollars that have popped from many pockets. They are the visible landmarks of misspent nights; the sole relics of fortunes that have effervesced and sizzled and gurgled and foamed away in the name of "fun." These corks, arranged in geometrical figures above the polished oak wainscoting and woven into the "Maudes" and "Maries" and "Jennies" and "Floras" on the low-browed ceiling, have stories of their own. If they could only tell those stories instead of staring down satirically upon you as you sit at one of the little oaken tables, what a sensation! There are figures made of the reverse end of corks, brownish red and rusty, the irregularly dismembered strings that once held them in place giving a tragic effect to the whole. Those are heartstrings torn from the red throat of Bacchus. And how many heartstrings of another sort have been wrenched and torn in the little wine room beneath a variety stage of the metropolis? asks the *Herald*. Night upon night—voluptuousness in tights and spangles—year upon year—the same round of the rounders, the rich and the profligate; the grizzled veteran and the callow youth; hardened depravity and the sneaking hypocrisy. From every city in the world they have been here and left these silent records.

Where are they now? Say, tell me that? Where are the eyes that danced to the popping of those corks? Where are the laughing dimples, the flushed cheeks, the diamonds, the dandies and the rounders and the sightseers of years agone? It is not so long ago. Where are they?

Are they in society or in prison? Are they in the workhouse or in the silent cemeteries of the world? Perhaps. And then may we laugh, or sneer, or cry? Which?

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—[New York Journal.

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WHICH STORY DO YOU PREFER?

THE BLADE, in making its arrangements for a new serial story, to begin early in the new year, is fortunately able to give its readers a choice. We are offered three new stories—one by the author of "The Follett Curse," published two or three years ago; one by the author of "Uncle Sam in 1894," published in 1890, and one by the author of "For Life and Honor," the extremely interesting serial now running in our columns.

We wish our readers to decide which of the three they would prefer to have, and to decide promptly. You can either write us a postal card, or add a postscript to any business letter or contribution you may send THE BLADE; or you can write a line at the bottom of the postal card on which you send in your Presidential choice. Only let us have it quickly. The author who obtains the most votes will write the new serial for THE BLADE, to commence some time in January.

Whichever story is selected will be published in THE BLADE alone, and not in any other newspaper; nor will it be printed in book form. Which author do you prefer?

A FINANCE PRIMER.

No. 56.—Flat Money Once More.

We have received another letter from Hon. SAMUEL V. BECKWITH, of Winsted, Conn., in rejoinder to our reply to his former letter in a recent number of this series. We held it until after the election, to give room to free silver discussion, because in that contest free coinage was an issue, while the points covered by Mr. BECKWITH were certainly not. We present the important portion of Mr. BECKWITH'S letter herewith:

EDITOR BLADE:—In your explanation of what we mean by "forced loan" (No. 51) the illustration is hardly satisfactory, as it seems to me difficult to understand how a personal note given by an individual in payment (or in lieu of payment) for the horse bears any rational comparison to a note endorsed by the United States government, and made a legal tender by the law-making power of that government, because the latter would enable B, without delay or inconvenience, to cancel a debt or to exchange the horse for a watch, or furniture, or any other property desired, which the private note would not do. Such an illustration serves to confirm me in the belief that the doctrine of a specie basis currency being an absolute necessity is founded upon a misconception of the nature and functions of money, and this belief is strengthened by the fact which has many times been demonstrated, that counterfeit money performed exactly the same service as the best money until its true character is known.

I am well aware that gold and silver bullion is extensively used in commerce and admit that gold has ever been and will probably continue to be the *international* regulator of exchanges between nations.

The important question is whether it is possible that the people who have demonstrated the possibility of a "church without a bishop and a state without a king" cannot have an "absolutely sound currency," independent of a direct coin redemption?

In referring to the history of the greenback in '47 you say that the government tried "every possible expedient." Is that strictly correct?

As pertinent to this inquiry permit me to call attention to a proposition introduced in the form of a bill in the United States Senate January 7, 1875, by Hon. Wm. Buckingham, the war governor of Connecticut. He was admitted by all parties to be a man of uncommon wisdom, prudence and discernment, a practical and successful business man of unblemished integrity, and his distinguished public services are gratefully remembered by the people of the state. In the course of the speech in support of the bill above referred to, he said:

"The experience of more than three-quarters of a century furnishes evidence that we have often exerted our energies until they have been nearly exhausted in order to maintain a system of specie payments which, as yet, has been only intermittent. * * * * The internal commerce of the nation does not absolutely require resumption. * * * * In looking over this country I notice its marvelous progress, and when I see that industry has been richly rewarded, and that nearly every branch of business has been productive of profit during the past five years, I am not so ready as I have been to curtail the currency by an arbitrary statute for the sake of deceiving the people with the old idea that banks can maintain specie payments.

"They have not done it heretofore, for when the pressure came they were no more held by their obligations to redeem, than was Samson held by the green withes of Delilah."

It is but fair to mention that the bill in question did not provide for an inflated or so-called irredeemable currency—on the contrary its distinguished author strongly denounced such currency, but it did provide for a currency introconvertible with government bonds. He further said:

"I would lay aside the theory which in times of great commercial embarrassment has furnished no relief and try the more excellent and practical measure of redeeming circulation in United States bonds." The bill did not pass, but I am but there were certainly very many men of extensive practical experience in financial affairs who strongly favored giving the plan a trial as well during the war as after, and it occurs to me that the plan should have been mentioned as among the possible experiments which the government did not try, although some approach was made to it in the act of February 24, 1863, which failed for reasons which might be easily avoided, one reason being the high rate of interest on the bonds (six per cent gold with exemption from taxation). I have never seen it explained why such a plan as the one proposed by Senator Buckingham would not work well at any time, although the proposed rate of interest, $3.65, would be too high. It is important to know whether Mr. Buckingham was right in his description of the character and previous working of the specie payment theory. I have always believed that he stated it truthfully and fairly. S. V. BECKWITH.

It may be that our illustration of the nature of a forced loan was not as luminous as it should have been. Will Mr. BECKWITH try to understand the fact, which we there endeavored to make clear, that the primary idea of money is, that it has in very compact form the actual value; that a paper note or promise to pay has no actual value; that therefore the government, in compelling any citizen to part with his goods or products and take paper currency (in other words, gives legal-tender power to paper money) it exacts a loan from that man of the value of those goods or products? In the case of the greenback, no time for payment is mentioned; therefore a forced loan is of indefinite duration. The greenback bears no interest; therefore its holder is not paid for making his forced loan.

Mr. BECKWITH seems to think that it makes a difference because this man from whom the loan is first forced can compel a second one to make him a similar loan; or, to put it in other words, that the greenback, having full legal-tender power, passes from hand to hand in exchange for goods. It makes no difference, we think he will agree, whether the greenback remains in the hands of one man for a long period of time, or whether it passes through the hands of a thousand men in the same time. In each case the loan is forced, and the man who takes the greenback suffers. It is possible for him to avoid this by compelling some other man to make a forced loan for him in exchange for it. But this merely passes the injustice on, and we fail to see any moral difference between one man suffering an injustice for a given period, or a thousand men suffering the same injustice each for a portion of that period.

As to the "important question" which Mr. BECKWITH asks, it is not a question at all. The financial history of the world has decided that an absolutely sound paper currency cannot be obtained without direct coinage redemption on demand; it is not a question of what nation tried it. To assume that such a thing can be done, shows a misconception as to what money is, and an utter confusion as to the difference between money itself and a promise to pay money.

When we said in referring to the history of the greenback, that the government tried every possible expedient, we meant, of course, every expedient that was open to them with the consent and will of Congress. We did not suppose that it was necessary to explain that Congress has a controlling power over our finances, it being the legislative arm of the government.

Referring to Gov. BUCKINGHAM'S remarks, we have only to say that his ideas on finance were extremely muddled. The only reason that this country in its earlier days had difficulty in maintaining specie payments was simply because it was not rich enough to provide sufficient metallic currency for its people. The money in circulation is only the wealth of the country represented in coin. If the country is poor, as all countries were in their earlier days, it might well happen that its wealth was not sufficient, even when represented in coin, to transact its business, especially as in those days modern banking facilities, clearing houses, international bills of exchange, etc., were in their infancy. The fathers tried to remedy the defect by a paper currency, and found, as every nation in the world has found which has tried it, that when they issued more than they had the coin to redeem on demand, it depreciated and brought additional evils upon the finances of the country, which were worse than the original lack of sufficient money.

We have no doubt that a paper currency, interconvertible with bonds, at the time mentioned, would have been a good thing. It is too late, however, to talk about it now. We are steadily paying off our national debt, and unless the people allow our finances to be deranged by cranky theorists, the time is not distant when there will be no bonds left. The period is too short to attempt any re-arrangement of paper currency on this basis; and certainly no sane man believes that the government should keep a permanent interest-bearing debt in order to accommodate a paper currency.

OHIO SOLIDLY REPUBLICAN.

It would indeed be difficult to overestimate the importance of the victory won by the Republicans of Ohio on yesterday. The campaign was remarkable in that state issues were absolutely lost sight of. The Republicans challenged the enemy to do battle on the issue of protection by putting forward Major MCKINLEY, the champion of the American system, for the governship, almost immediately after his defeat for Congress in a district which had been expressly gerrymandered for the purpose of retiring him from the National House of Representatives. So strong was the feeling in favor of his nomination that it became a foregone conclusion that the state convention would simply ratify the party's choice, months before that body was called together.

The Democrats of the state, flushed with the Congressional victories of their party a year ago, eagerly accepted the challenge thus given, and adopted a square "free trade" platform. That there might be no doubt as to their attitude, they added a plank declaring in favor of a "graded income tax" to raise federal revenues, thus acknowledging that they favored a tariff so low as not to produce sufficient money for the government's needs. As an additional means of catching votes, they also adopted a free silver coinage plank, thus making the two paramount issues of the Ohio campaign the tariff and the currency questions; and on these two the battle was fought, and a notable victory for protection and honest money achieved.

No evasion can be successfully made of the fact that battle was joined on these issues, and on these alone. They were the only things talked about from the stump in the most notable "campaign of education" that has ever been made in this country. The Republican orators talked tariff and honest money, from MCKINLEY down; the Democrats talked of the alleged beauties of free trade, from CAMPBELL down to ROGER Q. MILLS. No voter in Ohio but knew, as he cast his ballot, that those were the only issues upon which he was expected to render his verdict.

That verdict was just what was to be expected of Ohio freemen. They have always stood as firm believers in protection to American industries and American labor; they have never bowed the knee to the Baal of "cheap money." Once more they have recorded their belief in the one and their opposition to the other Free trade and free silver have each been dealt a staggering blow, and the "free whisky" plank of the Democratic platform has gone down in the dust of defeat along with the two more notable members of the Democratic triad.

Ohio has fired the opening gun of the Presidential campaign of 1892. She has again endorsed the principle of protection, and has set herself up as a bulwark against the free silver craze. She was asked to declare herself on these two primal questions dividing the politics of the nation, and her deliverance has been a most notable one.

We would that the Republicans of some of our sister states had faced the campaign on national questions rather than have allowed the enemy to fasten them down to campaigns turning upon quibbles, or in which personalities and other utterly inconsequent things were made the dividing lines between the voters. The Republican party always has been a party of principle, and has won its victories upon great issues rather than in campaigns which resemble nothing so much as children's quarrels.

THE London press is very bitter in its comments upon the election of MCKINLEY. The *Daily News* attempts to discount it by saying that "he was probably elected, not as a protectionist, but as a moderate opponent of free silver." The *News* is mistaken. Protection was the head and front of the campaign in Ohio this year, with free silver as a subsidiary issue.

OUR NEWEST PREMIUM OFFER.

THE BLADE now makes the very best offer, as a premium for new subscribers or for raising clubs, that it has ever made, or that ever was made by any newspaper in the United States. We offer the revised Encyclopedia Britannica brought down to date and containing sketches of about 4,000 famous people which are not found in the English edition, because the publishers of the work in England will not allow a biographical sketch of any person to appear in it until after his death; hence all famous living personages are excluded. This edition, which is revised for American readers, overcomes this objection to the original work.

A few years ago a complete edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica cost nearly $200, thus preventing any but the wealthy from purchasing it. We are now able to offer a later, a better, and more complete edition, in twenty volumes, bound in heavy manilla paper, comprising a total of 7,000 pages, with 96 colored maps, which we will send with one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year, for only $7.50. We pay the postage on the Encyclopedia. This offer is for those who want the Encyclopedia for themselves, but who have not the time to get up a club for the paper.

Those who have time will be interested in offer No. 2, which is: For a club of twenty yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $20, sent us at one time, we will send a complete set of the encyclopedia as a premium for the club.

This affords teachers, students, physicians and other persons of learning a most excellent opportunity to obtain this standard work of reference absolutely free of charge.

For larger clubs the reader's attention is directed to offer No. 8, which will be found in the illustrated advertisement on the fifth page.

We hope that every one who desires to obtain this splendid work will start in at once without delay. No better offer was ever made or can ever be made by a weekly newspaper with a high-grade encyclopedia.

AN ARRAIGNMENT OF ALCOHOL.

During the year 1890, the people of the United States consumed 80,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits, 40,000,000 gallons of wines and 300,000,000 gallons of malt liquors, making a total of 920,000,000 of alcoholic beverages. This cost the consumers, at the very lowest estimate, $800,000,000, or about $13 per capita for the total population of the country, men, women and children. In estimating the nation's drink bill, however, we must add to this enormous total the time lost from work, and that lost because of sickness and of crimes due to drinking. It is estimated by Dr. N. S. DAVIS, of Chicago, that this cost at least as much more, hence the total drink bill of the nation for the year 1890, ran up to the enormous total of $1,600,000.

It must be remembered, too, that the consumers of liquor got absolutely nothing of value to themselves for this enormous expenditure of money. Rum does not add to a man's health, nor to his strength. It answers no purpose of clothing, nor of food. In negative results, look at the wasted fortunes, ruined lives and home. Men who do not indulge in drink can do better work, and can work more steadily than those who indulge. Why then does any one drink?

A large number of people begin drinking, at least, because of erroneous ideas as to the nature of alcoholic beverages and their effects upon the human body. Before chemistry analyzed Rum, it was supposed to be stimulating, warming, soothing and restorative. All these, in the clear light of science, are now seen to be fallacies. Yet the belief is so strongly rooted in the minds of thousands that indulge in liquors for this purpose; especially fallacious is the idea that any alcoholic beverage contains nutriment in any marked degree. A five-pound loaf of bread contains as much actual food as a man would obtain in a year if he drank from eight to ten quarts of beer daily. At that rate of drinking, by the end of the year a man would have swallowed a barrel of alcohol. Beer contains about 4 per cent of alcohol, wines about 15 per cent, and distilled liquors from 50 to 60 per cent. The question then presents itself: "What is the effect of this alcohol upon the physical system?"

The answer of science is that alcohol is a poison, pure and simple. A slow poison, if you will, but one whose effect are directly proportioned to the amount taken, and to the rapidity with which it is imbibed. Because it does not kill instantly, men think that there is no foundation for its classification as a poison. Its effects, when steadily taken, are detrimental to all the great bodily organs. It causes permanent structural changes in the liver, the kidneys, the stomach, the blood-vessels, and in the nervous tissue. In the liver and kidneys it produces two incurable diseases—cirrhosis and Bright's disease. It injures the brain by hardening it, and consequently injures the mental powers of those who imbibe it, and it is the testimony of the highest medical authorities that the habitual use of alcoholic drinks lessens the natural duration of life from 10 to 15 years. That is to say, a man who would, did he remain temperate, live to be 70 years old, will, as a moderate drinker, die somewhere between 55 and 60 years old.

Besides its effect upon the brain, alcohol has a vere deleterious power over the minds and morals of the victims. Prof. AXEL GUSTAFSON declares that alcohol holds a pre-eminent place as a blood poison, and that suicide, insanity, idiocy and various kinds of moral mania are directly traceable to its influence on the brain. More than this, the habit of moderate drinking greatly increases the danger to any patient who may be attacked by disease. This is because alcohol reduces the vitality of the system and its power of resistance.

These are facts which should be brought home to every man, and especially to every young man, in the United States. Every mother should know them, and teach them to her children. Every father should not only be able to warn his sons of these evils, but should set them a personal example of abstinence. The crying need of the times is for the dissemination of just such scientific knowledge among the masses of the people. There is no politics in it. It is simply making known the facts which science declares to be true. The temperance reform, to be permanent, must begin with the individual. When the masses are educated out of their erroneous ideas concerning alcoholic drinks, it will not take a political party to create a sentiment that will compel the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum, and which will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

J. S. ELLIS, of Bourne, Mass., sends to the Boston *Journal* the following fact which have far more weight with thinking men than the baseless assertion of free trade advocates:

In 1850 a day's work of a carpenter in this town would buy ten pounds of granulated sugar; to-day it will buy fifty. Hard working men tell me it cost them more for sugar than for flour, but, thanks to the McKinley bill, the great tax has been removed.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

Now that the November contests are over, it becomes clear that whatever advantage accrues therefrom is in favor of the Republican party, for it wrested control of two states—Ohio and Pennsylvania—from its Democratic opponents. There was but one state in which the campaign was waged on strictly national issues—Ohio; and the result was a sweeping victory, Major MCKINLEY being elected by a plurality of 21,458 votes, and the Republicans having a majority of 52 on joint ballot in the General Assembly. Another result of the Ohio victory is that the issues are fixed for 1892. The Republican party will plant itself upon protection, reciprocity and honest money.

In Massachusetts, Governor RUSSELL, Democrat, was re-elected by a reduced plurality from his vote of last year. Every other man on the Republican state ticket was elected; the Republicans regained control of the state senate, and increased their majority in the house, thus controlling the legislature completely. Governor RUSSELL is an extremely popular young man, and he alone was saved from the wreck by the Democrats. No one acquainted with the situation in Massachusetts dreams that her electoral vote next year will be cast for any but the Republican presidential candidate.

In New York the Democrats retained control of the governorship, electing ROSWELL P. FLOWER over his Republican competitor, Mr. FASSETT. In that state the campaign was entirely on local issues, and affords no ground of hope that in 1892 the Democrats will be successful in carrying the state. The Republicans retained control of the legislature, and thus can prevent any partisan legislation, and hold in check the Democratic executive.

In Pennsylvania the Democratic plurality of 16,000, by which Governor PATTISON was elected a year ago, has been changed to a Republican plurality of 50,000 for Mr. GREGG, the candidate for Auditor General on the Republican ticket. The Democrats looked confidently for a victory in the old Keystone State, and are bitterly disappointed. She stands firm in the Republican ranks, and will be found there in the Presidential campaign next year.

Maryland and New Jersey, being normally Democratic, remain so. The same may be said of Virginia and Mississippi.

One of the significant straws in the November contest was the election in the Fifth Michigan Congressional district. Representative FORD, a Democrat, was elected in 1890 by 2,000 plurality; he dying, the vacancy was filled on November 3, and the district elected BELKNAP, Republican, by nearly 1,500 plurality. This reversal of last year's result shows clearly that there is a revulsion of popular feeling on the new tariff law. The campaign of falsehood waged by the Democrats last year caused thousands of men to vote against the Republican Congressional candidates. This year the people, seeing that all the charges that the McKinley bill was going to increase the prices of the necessaries of life were false, and finding that in place of this the prices of most manufactured articles are cheaper than they were a year ago, came to the conclusion that the new tariff law is a good thing, and hence supported its exponent, the Republican candidate. The same thing is true in the First South Dakota district, where Mr. JOLLEY, Republican, is elected to Congress by an increased plurality.

In Iowa, the fight was again a local one. It seems to have turned largely on the prohibition question. The Democratic vote in the cities was increased as a rule, and the Republican vote increased in the rural districts. Governor BOIES, Democrat, was re-elected, partly on this issue, and partly because WHEELER, the Republican candidate, made no effort for himself. He did not make a single speech during the campaign, whereas BOIES made a very vigorous campaign all over Iowa. The legislature is Republican, however.

In Kansas the contest was on judgeships. The People's party elected but one out of ten, and in that instance the Republicans of the district were divided, having two candidates. Nebraska shows a falling off from the Alliance, and it is not too much to say that the People's party has lost its power. It polled a little over 11,000 votes in Ohio, notwithstanding the efforts of SIMPSON and other Alliance orators. The political Farmers' Alliance reached the culmination of its power in the election of 1890. It has now gone to join the greenback party and other political failures.

Taken all together, the election of 1891 shows a revulsion in favor of protection and an increase in the power of the Republican party. It will go into the Presidential campaign of 1892 absolutely united on the issues of protection, reciprocity and honest money, and the chances are that it will win as decisive a victory as it did on protection in 1888.

THE ENGLISH WORSTED TRUST.

The British worsted manufacturers, who are conbined in what is practically a trust, have determined to make an effort to hold the market in this country for their goods by pushing down the price; that is, they propose paying the entire duty themselves, in order to break down the American worsted manufacture and secure a monopoly for their trust. Worsted goods to the amount of $750,000 arrived recently at New York from Bradford, England, invoiced at such exceedingly low figures that suspicion was aroused at the custom-house. The appraiser decided that the goods had been undervalued, and that they should pay duty at the regular market price.

The importers appealed the case, and it was ascertained by our consul at Bradford that the manufacturers really sold the cloth at excessively low rates. The goods were restored to their invoice price, except in a few cases. The duty was paid, and they will now be thrown on the American market. The price at which the manufacturers sold them is said to be lower than the actual cost of production; hence it is rendered certain that the trust is making an organized attempt to break down the American manufacturers in spite of the tariff.

THE record of railroad building for this year shows the effect of crank political ideas upon business. There have been so far 2,829 miles laid. Of these, Kansas has two miles, Nebraska 55½, Iowa 27, and South Dakota 55, while Pennsylvania is credited with 171¼. In the laying of new track, the state of Georgia comes first, the state of Washington second, and South Carolina third. It would seem that the people of the Western states should be able to see that the more railroads they have the more competition there will be, and themselves benefited thereby. Their present attitude of opposition to railroads simply fastens monopoly upon them.

THE farmers of Iowa determined to make sure their state should not be "Michiganized." They elected BOIES governor, but they also gave the Republicans a majority in the state legislature, to make sure that no Democratic devilry should be undertaken.

BRAZILIAN TROUBLES.

It is a matter of sincere regret that the new United States of Brazil, which less than two years ago threw off the monarchy and adopted a federated republican form of government, modelled upon our own, has been precipitated into what may become a revolution.

This trouble is largely due to improper interferences by English financial and commercial interests with the government of the country. One of the earliest problems the new government had to confront was that arising from the accumulated interest due on loans made by English investors, and the meddling of British merchants, who are deeply interested in the trade of Brazil. Our own reciprocity agreement with the republic is intensely distasteful to them, of course.

This meddling of British mercantile and monetary interests created dissensions between President DA FONSECA and the Congress; and these seem to have been fomented industriously. The President used his veto frequently to stop legislation he deemed unwise. This angered the Congress, which, fearing he should attempt to usurp power, passed a law whereby the President can be impeached, if that step becomes needful. DA FONSECA vetoed it; the Congress passed it over his veto. He then adjourned Congress, as he has the power to under the constitution, and assumed the dictatorship. The Congress refused to be dissolved. Now comes a revolution, in all probability.

This state of affairs is much to be regretted by every friend of popular government. There is danger of a revolution that will split the country into two or more independent nationalities. In this disturbed condition, the commercial element, largely British, having fomented trouble in the first place for selfish ends, will endeavor to promote their own interests, regardless of those of the Brazilians themselves. In case of civil war, commerce with other nations, including ourselves, will suffer largely. One certain effect will be a sharp rise in the price of coffee.

JOHN SHERMAN, statesman and financier, was born in an Ohio country town 68 years ago. In 1855 he first entered Congress; in 1861 he became a Senator of the United States. He, with Thad Stevens, prepared the reconstruction bill, and for many years he ranked as a leader of his party in the United States Senate. In March, 1877, he became secretary of the Treasury, which office he held during President Hayes's term. It was due largely to him that in 1879 the resumption of specie payments was effected without disturbance to the financial and commercial interests of the country. Mr. Sherman returned to the service of his country in the United States Senate in 1881. He was chairman or a prominent member of some of the most important committees of that body, and has been a prominent candidate for the Presidency at Republican National conventions, especially in 1880 and 1888.

These facts are *not* collected from the *Encyclopedia Brittannica* or any of its reprints, for there is nothing in that work to justify the belief that John Sherman ever existed or now exists. The record of this distinguished American citizen has been taken from the Revised Encyclopedia, which we offer to BLADE readers on extraordinarily low terms. Read the offer on the seventh page of this issue.

FOUR NEW PICTURES!

Every reader of THE BLADE is requested to read the announcement at the head of the "Publisher's Desk" column on the next page, the announcement of our four new pictures. They are simply exquisite, and we hope the homes of thousands of THE BLADE'S readers will be adorned by them this fall.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

The Australian ballot in Ohio yesterday was as complete a success as the most sanguine of its friends ever claimed it to be. Of course, with every one in the state a novice in the workings of the system, it proved to be slow, and the returns last night were at least two hours behind as compared with the old method. However, that is but a trifling objection.

Democrats all over the state of Ohio were claiming that the Australian ballot would work in favor of their party, assigning as a reason the false charge that Republican employers put moral stress upon their employes to vote the Republican ticket against their will. This particular lie was circulated very industriously in Toledo. One has but to point to the result of the election to show its utter falsity. If any employers have been coercing employes, it certainly must have been Democratic ones. The ballot was secret, and no one could tell how any one else voted. The only way that was found to beat the Australian system was to hire Republicans to stay at home and not vote at all. Attempts of this sort were made, we are informed, in Toledo. They evidently were not particularly successful, to judge from the election returns to-day.

WE beg to remind that our esteemed Democratic contemporaries that PATRICK EGAN is not an issue in the Chile difficulties. If Mr. EGAN'S continuance as a representative of the United States at the capital of that country was not desired, the Chilean junta has a perfect right to notify this government, which, of course, would promptly replace him by some one else. Until Chile officially expresses dissatisfaction with him, it is not necessary to make his personality an issue. The only question between us and Chile to-day is, that she shall promptly apologize for the gross insult to our flag, and make reparation, as far as can be done, for murdering seamen wearing the United States marine uniform in the streets of Valparaiso.

INDIA is a free trade country, and the wages of an able-bodied laborer are $2 per month. This is the sort of competition our free trade friends desire for the well paid labor of the United States.

THE calamity shriekers of the West since the election have awakened to a realization of the fact that their party is the one which suffered the most calamity at the polls.

ONE-MAN BANKING.

The failure of the Maverick national bank, of Boston, adds another to the long list of those institutions which have been either wrecked or plundered by "one-man banking." The failure is a very large one, and involves over $4,000,000 of deposits. The president, ASA POTTER, and two of the directors, are under arrest and will be criminally prosecuted. The cashier, EVANS, without whose connivance or active participation the plundering could not have been committed, took the coward's last resort, and committed suicide by blowing out his brains.

It appears from what can be learned of the affairs of the institution, that President POTTER was the bank, and the directors were mere dummies. "One-man banking" is always perilous. No bank can be safely administered by one-man power, nor can a banking law which allows such a practice be tolerated without peril to the business interests of the country. Yet that is exactly what the national banking law is, under a recent decision of the United States Supreme court. It decided, in effect, that if a bank is plundered by its president, the directors are not responsible. They may be called directors, but they are under no responsibility to direct the affairs of the bank, acccording to this decision of our court of last resort. It is a pleasure to know that four of the nine justices on the bench dissented from this remarkable opinion.

However, the matter is one which can be very quickly and very completely remedied by act of Congress. If the present banking law is so loose in its language that directors who fail to perform their duties properly can escape legal punishment therefor, Congress must make the law so plain and so mandatory as to the duties and responsibilities of directors that there can be no possible legal mode of evasion. The duty of the direction of the bank's affairs must be laid upon the directors. If they neglect it and allow one man to wreck the institution, they must be made to pay for it to the last dollar. That is the only common-sense solution of the problem.

THE BRICEVILLE TROUBLE.

The trouble at the Briceville, East Tennessee, mines has ended as every sagacious person foresaw it must. The free miners rebelled against being compelled to work in competition with the state's convicts who had been leased to CALVIN S. BRICE and his associates, several months ago. The Democratic governor of Tennessee sent the state militia to overawe the strikers, and secured quietness by promising to call a special session of the legislature to take action. This was done, but the Democratic legislature, after discussing the matter, adjourned without taking decisive steps. The free miners have now arisen in revolt, captured the stockades at Briceville and Coal Creek, and released over 500 convicts, turning the latter loose upon the community.

Every one must lament mob action of any kind; but it is hard to say that these miners were not far more nearly right than mobs usually are. They had appealed to the state authorities for relief from the injustice of convict competition, and it was only when the Democratic legislature had shown that it was controlled by BRICE and his millionaire associates that these men took the law into their own hands and relieved themselves, at least temporarily, from the competition of the convicts. It is a severe remedy, but it is to be hoped that it will force the evils of the convict lease system upon the voters of Tennessee, and compel a popular movement which will result in its entire abolition.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States. We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE ALLIANCE A BACK NUMBER.

The power of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas seems to have departed as quickly as it came. In the elections in the ten judicial districts of the state on November 3, the Alliance candidate was successful in but one, and there only because Republicans were divided, and had two candidates. In the other nine districts, seven of the successful candidates are Republicans and only two Democrats. The general feeling in the state among those best informed is, that the People's party is out of power to stay out, and that the presidential battle of 1892 will be conducted on the old lines.

WE wish again to impress upon the minds of the people of the United States the fact that the recent Ohio election has demonstrated the utter falsity of the charge which has been made for years, that Republican manufacturers in this state were able to vote their employes as they dictated, without any regard to the political opinions of the men. Ohio tried the Australian ballot system for the first time at the late election. No one was able to tell how any man voted; yet the Republican plurality in the state jumped from 10,000 last year to over 21,000 this. There never was a more crushing refutation of a Democratic lie than this.

THE financial condition of Mexico affords a very luminous lesson just now to the free silver advocates in this country. United States greenbacks in Mexico are at 30 per cent premium over Mexican silver dollars, yet these coins contain more pure silver than the United States standard dollar. The only way to keep silver a money metal is to put a dollar's worth of silver in each dollar coined. In other words, there needs to be a revaluation of silver with regard to gold, changing the ratio from 16 to 1 to something like 20 or 21 to 1.

If it be true, as asserted, that the present difficulties in Brazil have been fomented by the English because of their great chagrin at the adoption of reciprocity between the United States and that republic, we may understand that any effort we may make to obtain foreign trade will be bitterly contested by that country. Great Britain has always arrogated to herself the position of the world's manufacturer and trader. Everything that she can do to crush out opposition will be done.

THE New York *Herald*, which kept absolutely quiet during the state election in New York, is now shaking its head in foreboding over the election of FLOWER, and is inclined to believe that the Tammany victory in that state will bring disaster next year. We regard it as extremely likely.

WHO FOR 1892?

THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

Send Us Your Card, and Express Your Views as to the Man to Nominate Next Year.

At the present time the prospects for Republican success in the Presidential campaign of 1892 are decidedly good. The Democratic party has not only tied itself irrevocably to the issue of British free trade, but has also largely committed itself, at least all over the West and South, to the free silver coinage issue; and these facts render it more than probable that the Republican candidate for the Presidency next year will be successful.

In the present condition of things, the question of leadership in that campaign is the paramount one. As many an army goes to defeat, not because of lack of numbers or of personal courage in the rank and file, but because the general in command was unwise in his management; so it may be said that the question of success to the Republicans next year is largely one of the candidate. So clearly is this fact recognized that there is a remarkably deep interest already shown in the discussion of the availability of certain prominent Republicans.

It is a matter that admits of no doubt that President HARRISON is in the field for a renomination. That his official course thus far has been a very wise, safe and conservative one, even his political enemies admit. On the other hand, this puts the Republican party under no obligation whatever to renominate him. The tendency is unmistakable, within the last few years, to give a President but one term. How deep this feeling may be in the Republican party of the nation, we have no definite means of knowing, and we desire light upon the subject.

Of course, JAMES G. BLAINE is the first choice of a very large number of the Republicans of the nation, against any and all others. His high qualifications, his superb statesmanship—which has been so strongly evidenced in his official career as secretary of State under the present administration—and his magnetic presence, for he is a born leader of men, make him without doubt extremely popular among the rank and file of his party. Mr. BLAINE has been ill, but his summer at Bar Harbor has restored him to complete health, and he is now again at the head of the State department, in the full vigor of his faculties.

There is no question that the nomination lies chiefly between these two men—the President and the Secretary of State. Besides them, there are a number of other leading Republicans, any one of whom would make a strong President. Among them the names of Hon. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, Hon. WALTER Q. GRESHAM, Senator ALLISON, of Iowa; Gen. ALGER, of Michigan; ex Speaker THOS. B. REED, of Maine, and others will occur to every reader. As far as THE BLADE is concerned, it will support, with all the vim and vigor at its command, the nominee of next year's Republican convention.

We can say with entire truth, and without egotism, that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe, as we have said above, that the question of success hinges largely upon the selection of a proper standard-bearer, and we propose that THE BLADE'S readers shall express their preferences as to the proper candidate through its columns.

We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
1.—[Here put 1st choice.]
2.—[Here put 2d choice.]
HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country. Send us your postal card at once!

EMIN PASHA has gone back to Wadelai, the capital of his old province of Equatoria, and resumed his position as virtual ruler there. He has thus, in the most effective way, demonstrated that STANLEY'S "rescue" of him was no rescue at all, but that he was forced by the famous explorer to leave his province and accompany him back to civilization. The "Emin Pasha relief expedition" of Mr. STANLEY seems to have been a big humbug, so far as its alleged object was concerned. The real object of STANLEY was to enable England to set up a claim to an immense territory in equatorial Africa, and to enable himself to bring back a small fortune in ivory and other goods. Mr. STANLEY would find a great sale for another book telling the real truth about his expedition.

THE splendid Republican victory won in Chicago is attributed by the *Tribune* of that city to "good nominations and the Australian ballot law." The testimony as to the value of the Australian voting system is all one way this year.

As we remarked some months ago, the People's party was unfortunately named. It lacks the people.

CURRENT EVENTS

Secretary Blaine's normal weight is 198 pounds.

One Birmingham (Eng.) shop makes 10,000,000 pins daily.

Gen. Hayes is expected to visit South Carolina in November.

Twenty-one states now grant the school ballot to women.

The Peninsula stove foundry of Detroit is now a union shop.

In a year 8,500 churches have been built in the United States.

French street railway employes will hold a national convention.

It is estimated that there are 22½ acres of office room for every living person.

Senator Stanford is said to receive a larger mail than the President.

Scientific men say that a wink occupies about the sixth of a second.

The fountains of Trafalgar square spout 500 gallons of water a minute.

The Indiana state Federation of Labor wants senators elected by the people.

Three painters were blown from the great Forth bridge in Scotland and killed.

Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by Englishmen.

Pittsburg horseshoers successfully resisted an effort to return to the ten hour day.

It may not be generally known that the great Missionary college of England is at Canterbury.

The Austrian police have confiscated the report of the Brussels International Labor Congress.

Mr. Gladstone is almost the only member of the House of Commons who sits uncovered in parliament.

At St. Henry, P. Q., 500 hands struck because Canadians were discharged and their places filled by Americans.

David Meriwether, successor to Henry Clay in the United States Senate, is still living in Louisville at the age of 82.

Two sides of a face are never alike. The eyes and ears are invariably out of line, and other features are dissimilar.

About $41,000 was sent from the southern colonies in Australia to the British workmen, to aid them during their strike.

Over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls was found in mussels on the Sugar river, Wisconsin, last summer.

Baron Hirsch is said to be worth $100,000,000, which he made chiefly out of his contracts for building Turkish railroads.

The eleventh annual convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held at Birmingham, Ala., December 14, 1891.

Thirty per cent of all women in the United States are working for a living, an increase of nine per cent over the year 1881.

Bread in a good state of preservation has been unearthed in Pompeii recently in the new rooms uncovered by the explorers.

The German House Painters' union of New York buried a member who was killed while at work. The union has 900 members.

T. P. O'Connor was asked on a Friday to write a short biography of Parnell, and he handed in his work of 15,000 words on Saturday.

Labor organizations in Paris need pay no rent. The city has built halls for the holding of meetings in the different districts.

Ex-Senator James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, although 76 years old, is still a busy and active practitioner before the courts.

Servant girls in California receive on an average $25 per month. Nurse girls are paid from $15 to $20, and good cooks from $30 upward.

Horatio Bridge, the classmate and long-time friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has written out his personal reminiscences of the novelist.

Governor Bulkeley, of Connecticut, has expended from his private resources between $150,000 and $200,000 in paying bills for the state.

A

Publishers' Desk.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send (until the stock is exhausted) pictures of General Grant, President Harrison and John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," "Abou Ben Adhem," and "Eckoes From Kentucky."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1)-we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Henry, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroid in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdily hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal at Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have contracted for a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have just prepared a magnificent portrait of Major Wm. McKinley, the famous champion of the protective policy. It is by all odds the finest portrait we have ever offered our readers. It is 21½x28 inches in size, and will be an ornament to the walls of any home. Every one of our subscribers in Ohio will want one, and we anticipate a large demand from Republicans all over the United States who admire and honor Mr. McKinley.

We will send a copy to any one by mail post paid, in a stout pasteboard tube to assure its safety, for 25 cents.

Or we will send a copy of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months and one of these McKinley portraits for 35 cents. The price of THE WEEKLY BLADE for three months is 25 cents; hence we offer the portrait for ten cents additional when taken in connection with THE BLADE. This offer, however, cannot be made except the money for both THE BLADE and portrait come at one time.

Send in your orders immediately! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

AT THE GREAT FAIR.

If Their Work Succeeds the Sex Will Achieve a Tremendous Victory.

The successful completion of the stupendous work contemplated by the women of the World's Fair board of Lady Managers will answer all doubts as to woman's executive ability, and refute all the standard arguments against extending her sphere of action. Committees of women will be formed in all countries for the purpose of securing an international exhibit of woman's achievements. This exhibit, by wise decision, is not to be set off by itself, but is to be placed with the work of men of the same kind. Women are not competing with each other, but with men, and they have sufficient temerity to let their productions stand upon their own merits, and to demand that in the distribution of prizes the sex question shall not be allowed to make distinctions.

The walls of the great Woman's building, designed by a woman architect, are nearly ready for the interior decorations, all of which will be finished after models submitted by women. There will be a library filled with books written by women, an exposition of the kindergarten system, model hospital methods, and practical demonstrations in the science of cookery.

In the spacious halls and parlors will assemble congresses and conventions of women interested in every humanitarian, educational, political, and economical scheme of the world's progress.

With Modern Improvements.

Author—I believe in bringing my fiction up to date.

Publisher—Yes?

Author—Now, in my Texas story I have for my hero a government rain-maker. He has things arranged so that when he and his girl elope he brings down such a heavy rain on her father's ranch that every stream instantly rises so high that the old man can't follow them.—[Epoch.

Science Causerie.

Growing the Lacquer Tree.

A serious attempt is to be made to grow the Japanese lacquer tree, *Rhus verniciflora*, in Europe. The originator of this is Professor Rein, of Bonn, who sixteen years ago brought several saplings with him from Japan, and had them planted in the Botanical Gardens at Frankfort. There are growing in the gardens at Frankfort thirty-four healthy trees, 30 feet high, with a girth of 2 feet a yard up from the ground. Not only have the trees which the professor brought with him flourished in this manner, but from the seeds produced by them other trees have been raised, and these are said to adapt themselves to the European climate with the readiness of indigenous growths. As far as the growth of the trees is concerned there is thus no reason why the lacquer tree should not be grown in Europe for economic purposes as well as in Japan, but there is one matter on which doubt still exists. It is not certain whether the juice abstracted from trees grown under more temperate conditions than in their native habit will prove of the same utility as lacquer. To ascertain this Prof. Rein has tapped some of the Frankfort trees and sent the juice obtained from them to Japan, where it will be used by Japanese artists in lacquer work. At the same time several of the most eminent German chemists are engaged on analyses of samples of the Frankfort and Japan gums with a view of discovering whether there exists any chemical difference between the two. If the reports should prove satisfactory, it is intended to largely plant the lacquer tree in the public parks and gardens of Germany.

The Blue of the Sky.

The explanation of the blue of the heavens is not to be sought in the fact that the air itself is blue, but rather in the fact that air, or its constituent particles, reflects the readily refrangible rays of short-waved length, and lets the less refrangible long-waved rays through. The short waves of light—the blue colors—are much more strongly reflected than the long-waved red ones. Lord Rayleigh has proved that the blue in the light reflected from the sky is 4-5 times stronger than the yellow and 6-7 times stronger than the red; violet even 6-8 times stronger than yellow, and 9-10 times stronger than the red. These relations of intensity must therefore necessarily cause the reflected light to appear blue. The blue of the sky is connected with the phenomenon that the blue light of the heavens is always polarized, and ever in the same direction, which is quite independent of the nature of the turbid particles of the atmosphere, as long as these last do but produce a pure blue color.

A New Telegraph.

Cologne newspapers speak of a new telegraph transmitting machine, invented by Herr Jaite, director of telegraphs. It is said that the new instrument has just been tested with the most satisfactory results. The invention was primarily designed for long-distance telegraphing. It consists chiefly of two electro-magnets, the one generating only a positive and the other only a negative current. These set in motion a perforator, whereby holes are punched in the tape. The holes, instead of consisting of mere dots and dashes, as in the Morse System, are so arranged that, on joining them with lines, the letters of the Roman alphabet are formed. The chief merit of the machine is declared to be the extraordinary ease with which it can be worked. At a recent trial between the Berlin and Hamburg stock exchanges, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, it was found possible to send from 65 to 85 messages per hour, or from 25 to 33 words per minute. The apparatus could have been worked much more rapidly if the operator had been more expert.

The Fate of the Earth.

There is every reason to believe, states Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, that when many more millions of years have rolled by our little earth will become cold from changes now going on, and may solidify to her very core. Life will probably be at an end long before any such condition is reached. The last one of the human species, the very last tip of the last twig of the tree of human descendants must also die. If that modified form possess sight, its eye may look out upon a remarkable scene indeed. Earth may be stripped of all her timber; coal beds all burned up; metals all moulded into medallions, machines and monuments; her land surface graded nearly or quite level by causes now in operation; every other living thing, every lion, lark and louse in the land exterminated, and nothing remaining but the works of the modified man.

New and Useful Alloys.

This list of recently invented alloys is given by the Glasgow *Engineer:* Nickel-aluminium, composed of 20 parts nickel and 8 parts aluminium, used for decorative threads; zinc-nickel, composed of 90 parts zinc and 10 parts nickel, used as a pigment; nickel-hardlead, composed of 100 parts type-metal and 5 parts nickel, used for metallic types and for electros; platinide, consisting of 80 parts platinum, 35 parts nickel, 2 parts gold and 3 parts iron, used for crucibles and chemical utensils; roseine, composed of 40 parts nickel, 10 parts silver, 30 parts aluminium, and 20 parts tin, for jewelers' work; sunbronze, composed of 60 or 40 parts cobalt, 10 parts aluminium, 40 or 30 parts copper; metalline, composed of 35 parts cobalt, 25 parts aluminium, 10 parts iron, and 30 parts copper.

Utilizing Niagara.

A contract has just been concluded between the Niagara Power company and the Cataract Electric company, of Buffalo, by which the Buffalo company acquires the exclusive right to the use of all electricity generated at the new tunnel so far as Buffalo is concerned. The new company will receive the electricity at the city line and distribute it to consumers in the shape of power. Its officers hope to be able to supply at least 20,000 horse power before November, 1, 1893, and at such rates supplant steam power now in use to that extent. The question of transmission has been practically solved in Germany, where a current of 300 horse-power has been carried on a single wire for a distance of 118 miles and delivered without material loss and with perfect safety.

Sending Money by Express.

John Hoey invented, by accident, the system of sending money by express. While a clerk in the Adams Express company's employment he was asked by a woman to send some money to her son, a soldier at Washington and bound for th front. Hoey thought the matter over, and without consulting his superiors, sent the package of money by express. The money reached its destination, but Hoey was reprimanded for his bold experiment. Nevertheless, from that one act, grew an extremely profitable branch of the express business.

A New Building Wood.

Western Australia is producing a wood which is destined to be much in favor with church builders. This is the jarrah wood, which is as hard and durable as oak, but possesses a rich, deep color like mahogany or very old oak, and is well adapted for paneling and carving. Old Herne church, in Kent—where the Te Deum was first sung in the English language—has just been reroofed with jarrah, and the effect is said to be startlingly fine. The church is now completely restored.

Notes of Interest.

Men of science declare that the orange was originally a berry, and that its evolution has been going on for more than a thousand years.

Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluton, the fibre remaining being made into paper in the ordinary way.

A German inventor has devised a new material which is intended as a substitute for leather in many of its uses. This material consists of panels of wood with wire netting between, the whole being glued together under heavy pressure. The sheets thus made are said to be very tough and pliable, and suited for making trunks and other uses that require strength.

THE CLEVELAND BABY

HOW HER FATHER REGARDS HER.

Who She Looks Like and How She Takes Her Bath—What the Whitney's Sent Her—White in Her Trousseau.

[Written for The Blade. Copyright 1891 by the Author. All rights reserved.]

BABY Cleveland looks both like its father and its mother. The family all agree upon that; distinctly she has her father's profile and outline, and her mother's deep violet eyes. Her round head is crowned with a soft down of brown hair, just enough to keep her from the baby's reproach of a bald-head. She is not a large baby: she's small and dainty but well-rounded, well-knit, and active. Moreover this wee Ruth has a distinct individuality. Many babies don't—they're pulpy, indistinct generally. But baby Ruth has a personality. You feel at once that here is a human being. You would never by any chance speak of her as "it". When you look down at her, she doesn't thrash about blindly like a young kitten, but stares solemnly up at you and looks interested and you feel flattered. Even her father has noticed this and been pleased by it, as any one would know if he could see the ex-President rush like a boy as soon as he opens the front door, up three flights of stairs to the room where the small woman lies. He holds out his arms and the nurse lays the baby in them and Mr. Cleveland rubs the round brown head and looks at her with deep and respectful attention.

She is dressed absolutely in white; nothing else has been prepared for her. It is a fancy of Mrs. Cleveland's—and a sweet womanly fancy it was, too—that there should be no color about this baby, nothing but the snowiest white, and the thinnest, softest, most exquisite fabrics. There are no wonderful laces, but the needle work—ah! that is such as might have fallen across the dainty wrists of Titania, herself. It was done in the con-

THE LITTLE ONE'S TOILET BASKET.

vents, every piece of it specially for baby Ruth, and every piece has "Baby" embroidered upon it. There are long thin gowns with yokes and bands of the most fine and frosty needle work, even the seams are made an excuse for exquisite beading and open work. And there are snowy under-garments—long, short and ridiculously tiny little things of all of the sheerest linen cambric like a bride's handkerchief and the silkiest, softest flannels. Up from every dainty garment breathes—not the odor; it's hardly strong enough to be called an odor—but the faintest hint of an odor of white violets, and the dainty little flower is embroidered somewhere about each piece. There are white violets done in silk on the woolen garments and white violets in linen or in silk on the cambric garments; white violets dancing singly across the breadths and white violets gathered in posies here and there.

But Mrs Cleveland believes in simplicity for babies, and so, while the entire wardrobe is fine and dainty it is also exquisitely simple and chaste. It by no means follows that it has been inexpensive. Any woman knows that nothing is more costly whether for small people or large ones, than this same complete simplicity.

There are imported cloaks, for example, of which there are eight—no one could accuse the young mother of economy in buying these long, rich, soft things with their wreaths of white violets, and yet they are simplicity itself. The little caps that go with the cloaks are just big enough to slip over your fist and are of the finest Valenciennes with tiny bands of needlework on muslin. Boxes and boxes of tiny silk socks and shoes were prepared for the little feet and as soon as it was announced that the baby was ready to wear socks and shoes thirty-two pair, in addition, came tumbling in from friends. Miss Cleveland, like most of us, is entitled to the proud boast that she began life barefoot. But there are lots of babies all over the land who will have a record of having kept it up longer than she.

LITTLE RUTH'S RUBBER BATH.

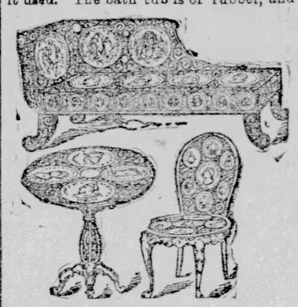
The gifts that were sent to this silk-shod little girl are probably the richest and most varied that any baby outside of royal families ever received. The Lamonts sent an exhibitor, which is by interpretation a white rattan basket draped with many lace frills, lined with cider down and cushioned with pale blue satin in which the baby is expected to be placed when the intimate friends that she is allowed to see, come to take their peep at her. This exhibitor is in pale blue but it is the only bit of color that is about the baby.

The dressing basket was a gift from a well-known society woman who is one of Mrs. Cleveland's most intimate friends. It is of white rattan in the form of a large square hamper. The lid is tied on at the back and ornamented at the front with huge white ribbon bows. All about it is a deep frill of real Valenciennes lace. The inside is lined with fine linen cambric and a tiny edge of Valenciennes finishes the lining about the edge. Inside the white nest is the most remarkable set of baby's toilet articles that has ever been made in New York. All the pieces are repoussé silver of the most exquisite workmanship.

To begin with there is the powder-box and its puff. It's a very large round box made from a special design made by Tiffany and is a marvel of the silversmith's art. The smallest and most delicate flowers from the repousse pattern and in and out among them winds the true lover's knot. The silver brushes of which there are certainly half a score, the creamy yellow of the ivory combs, the soap box and the big silver sponge-box are all ornamented with the same design and have the word "baby" engraved on them. The sponge is nearly as big as the baby, as soft as velvet and smells of white violets. Inside the hamper when it came was a tiny white velvet casket with white violets embroidered on it and inside the box were half a dozen gold safety pins of all sizes. Judge Erskine sent the baby's porringer set, also made by Tiffany in special design. There are three pieces, the bowl, plate and a delicious long-handled spoon with a gold bowl Mrs. Whitney's gift is unique and magnificent. First there is a big silver casket, beaten and engraved in an elaborate pattern. Inside the casket is a set of tiny furniture which Miss Ruth will care more about a few years from now. It is made entire of rare gold coins joined in a pattern with exquisitely fine filagree work. The pieces stand about three inches high. The top of the tiny table is composed of five coins and the back and seat of the sofa and chairs of a like number of smaller size. The legs and the ornamentation are of light filagree. This set of furniture was made specially for presentation to the Cleveland baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson have asked to give a cradle, but it hasn't been received yet.

Another interesting thing about the baby is how she takes her bath. It might be expected after all this silver service that somebody had sent a solid silver bath tub. But nobody has, or if so, Mrs. Cleveland is too sensible to have it used. The bath tub is of rubber, and



MRS. WHITNEY'S GIFT.

is propped up on cross-sticks at each end, loooking like a compromise between a small hammock and a camp stool. Every morning the baby is undressed, and laid in a little cider down blanket. The rubber bath is filled with milk-warm water and the baby is flapped in, blanket and all. After she has been sponged she is taken out, laid on a dry cider down blanket and then dried with a piece of fine old linen.

There is no limit to those cider down blankets because, beside the sufficient number provided before hand, it has remained cider down blankets up to that end of Madison avenue, ever since the baby was born. In one day fifteen were sent in. It is said that a new maid had to be hired to do nothing but receive and file away cider down blankets.

Mothers will be interested to know that Mrs. Cleveland nurses the baby herself.

ESMELLE BROOKS.

For the Blade.

WHEN NIGHT STALKS IN.

BY S. Q. LAPIUS.

When Night stalks in!
A veil of sombre, ragged lace
Is thrown across the fair moon's face.
The demons of the upper air
Are howling, shrieking everywhere;
They raise one universal shout
As Heaven's lamps are blotted out—
And haggard Night, amidst the din,
Is swiftly, surely ushered in.

When Night stalks in!
The sooty clouds drop slowly down,
And fogs of dingy yellow crown
The chimney tops. The feeble glare
Of lamps illume the outer air;
Anon the sweeping rain and sleet
Invade the darkened, slush-paved street,
And revelry and death and sin
With gruesome Night are ushered in.

When Night stalks in!
The river lashed by icy rain
With sullen moan betrays its pain,
And rushing past the bridge's piers
It foams and frets in useless tears.
Along the wet, deserted street,
Where traffic's pulse was wont to beat,
Dense blackness holds; and o'er the town
Night's sable mantle settles down.

JUST FOR FUN.

The Last Straw.

When you are dressing for the ball,
And round and round you fly—
Oh, how it makes you walk the floor
To find the man who rooms next door
Has got your last dress tie.

Cash and Credit.

A man will pay five dollars for a hat,
And kick himself about it for a week,
But when he gets a hundred dollar suit
He'll have it charged, and never, never squeak.

The Proper Thing.

First moth—What do you think we have for breakfast? A brand new dress suit.

Second moth—You'll have to excuse me. I never touch a dress suit until after sundown.

Forced to It.

Uncle Ebony—It looks ter me powerful like I'd hab to git married, sah, unless something happens.

Chubberly—Unless what, uncle?

Uncle Ebony—Unless I gits a tolably decent suit o' clothes from a gentleman of about your size, sah.

Running No Risks.

Customer—Be sure and have that overcoat ready this week, as I want to wear it to the football match.

Tailor—Are you going to be in the game?

Customer—Oh, yes.

Tailor (stiffly)—Then, sir, our terms are invariably cash in advance.

A Streak of Good Fortune.

Bunker—Bloomer is looking pretty well lately. Has he had any luck?

Hill—Why, haven't you heard? He married a Harlem widow, and her former husband's clothes just fit him.

Love's Labor Lost.

He lost a button from his coat,
She said she'd do her best;
It took one hour, and then she found,
She'd sewed it to his vest.

The Courtship of a Clerk.

Briggs—Did you hear about Miss Grosgrain? She has married a dry goods clerk. They met, he wooed and won her, and so they were married.

Griggs—Why, when did all this happen?

Briggs—While she was waiting for the change.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

A Newspaper Sensation.

"Have you heard the news?" said the new reporter to the veteran city editor.

"What news?" inquired the veteran coldly.

"Why, old man Milyun's daughter jumped into her pop's carriage yesterday evening and eloped with the coachman," rattled off the reporter excitedly.

"Ugh," grunted the editor, "there's nothing remarkable in that."

"Ain't there?" sniffed the reporter, incredulously. "What do you call remarkable?"

"Well, it would have been something like if the girl had jumped into the coachman and eloped with the carriage, for instance. You don't call your story news, do you? Bah! you'd better brace up. Give it five lines and hustle out again," and the Detroit *Free Press* veteran rubbed his blue pencil and resumed his labors.

"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath."

She had for hours been preparing vials of wrath for him when he should return.

"So, you're home at last," she said as she let him in. "It's a wonder you've got home at all."

"No differly gittin' home," he said; "moon's full."

"There's more than the moon full, I'm afraid," she said.

"Yes, we're all full."

"What!" she she exclaimed, growing scarlet with indignation.

"Jus' as I say. We're all full. Moon's full, I'm full and you're beauti'ful."

"Well, you're said, with a faint smile, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you as usual."—[New York Press.

Constant Reminder.

"You don't seem to be able to make such pies as my first wife did," remarked Snooper to his second wife, as he shoveled huge pieces of the pastry into his mouth,

"Do you look much like the first Mrs. Snooper?" asked the second, rather irrelevantly, by way of reply.

"Do I look like her? That's a queer question. How can a man look like a woman?"

"I don't know, but thought perhaps you looked like her, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"Because you remind me so much of her."—[Brooklyn Life.

A Demand for That Kind of Snakes.

Pious lady—How can you drink that vile stuff? Don't you know that it "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?"

Tramp—Does it? Then, lady, yer ain't got a nest of them adders as yer could give a poor fellow wot lost a wife and eleven children in the grip, has yer?—[Detroit Free Press.

—The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

JEFF DAVIS DID NOT ELOPE

HOW HE FIRST MET HIS WIFE.

Story of the Confederate President's Marriage—Courtship Under Difficulties on the Frontier.

A fine appearing old man, towering a full head and shoulders above his fellows, with walk as brisk as those a score his junior, has been a Keokuk visitor for the past few days, says a correspondent to the *Inter-Ocean*. His name is William B. Street, son of the illustrious General Joseph M. Street, of Virginia, who studied law in the office of Henry Clay and later edited a newspaper. Later he moved to Shawneetown, Ill., and for sixteen years consecutively filled the offices of postmaster, clerk of the court, recorder of deeds, and brigadier general of militia. During this time he operated a store in town and a farm about a mile out, where he resided. In 1827 President John Quincy Adams appointed him agent for the Winnebago Indians, with his station at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

Mr. Street exhibits some rare old letters that have both historical and personal interest. They are from that great American, Henry Clay, to General Street, and were written in connection with the General's appointment as agent for the Winnebago Indians.

The letters were written in the years 1826 and 1827, and are greatly prized by the owner. General Street returned from his Indian post in the spring of 1828 and took his wife and ten children to the frontier. Subsequently two more children were born and they and Mr. Street are the only survivors.

It was about the year 1830 that Colonel Zachary Taylor, of the First United States Infantry, later President of the United States,

BECAME POST COMMANDER,

and remained there until 1837, when he was transferred to Florida to fight the Indians.

"Colonel Taylor's residence adjoined that of my father's," said Mr. Street, "we were quite well acquainted with the Colonel before he came to Prairie du Chien—at least my mother was. She was a school girl friend of the Colonel's sisters and visited them in their Kentucky home. My mother used often to remind Colonel Taylor of the time they were introduced. He was then but 18 years old and 'blushed like a girl,' my mother used to add. When the Colonel was a young man his complexion was fair, but exposure made his skin so brown and tough that it resembled leather. He was portly and breathed heavily after undue exertion. This fact gave him the name of 'Tezetoncka' (the puffer) among the Indians.

"Along in 1823 or 1830, and for years afterward, First Lieut. Jefferson Davis, of the First, later President of the Southern confederacy, was stationed at Fort Crawford. He was haughty, proud, sharp and hypocritical. He was a well educated young fellow, and knew more law than all the rest of the command put together. From his natural characteristics and his education, he seemed to feel himself much above his comrades, and they

CORDIALLY HATED HIM IN RETURN.

Indeed, there was but one man at the fort who was his friend, and that was Lieut. George Wilson, who became my brother-in-law.

"Jeff was sweet on the colonel's daughter, Miss Knox Taylor, and she reciprocated his affection. But her father was much opposed to the young lieutenant's attentions, and would not permit him to call at his residence. But, of course, that only tended to intensify their affection, and did not prevent them seeing a great deal of each other. Miss Taylor would come over to our house of evenings, and frequently would stay all night. She and my sister Mary, who later became Mrs. Wilson, were great friends. Jeff would come to our house also, ostensibly to see Mary, but the young folks knew more about who he came to see than did the old folks.

"There is an old story that Jeff and Miss Knox eloped at Prairie du Chien. That's incorrect. Colonel Taylor managed after several years to get the objectionable lieutenant transferred to other service and so he could not be in the young lady's company. But that did not break up the match, for years afterward they were married at the home of her uncle Dick Taylor, in Kentucky. Yet Colonel Taylor wouldn't give his consent to the marriage, nor would he attend the ceremony.

"The last time I saw Jeff Davis was after the Blackhawk war. My father had captured the old chief and the prophet, together with about 40 other insurgent Indians who had fled to the Winnebago country. On order of General Scott and Governor Joe Reynolds my father proceeded to

ROCK ISLAND WITH HIS PRISONERS,

where the treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians was consummated. The journey was made by boat, of course. Colonel Taylor took this opportunity to get rid of Jeff, and ordered him to accompany my father with a company of troops. I drove my father over the landing from our residence, and hitched the horse and followed my father down to the river bank. On the upper deck the Indians were squatted about, morose and silent. Guarding them were the soldiers under command of Jeff, who strode about among them looking as black as a thunder cloud. Upon my father's approach old Blackhawk came to him and held out his hands. A solid bar of iron had been built about both wrists and riveted. The iron was chafing his wrists and he exhibited the sores to my father, who ordered the blacksmith to come up from below and remove the shackles. With a somewhat vexed air Jeff said to my father:

"'General, do you think it safe to release the prisoner?'

"Turning around and drawing himself up to his fullest height, my father replied:

"'I hold myself personally responsible for the safety and good conduct of this man.'

"'Just as you say, general,' obsequiously responded the lieutenant.

"Then the bell rang and the boat pulled out for Rock Island. That was the last time I ever saw Jeff Davis."

WOMEN WHO SMOKE.

They Number in Their Ranks Many of Europe's Princesses.

Those who rave with unceasing bitterness against women who smoke and who declare the habit to be ill-bred and fast, have no idea of the women they are condemning. People with such old-fashioned prejudices have usually old-fashioned feelings on the subject of the reverence due to crowned heads, and would pause before uttering their scathing condemnations were they aware that the "pernicious and disgusting habit" was one in which the majority of queens in Europe indulge. The empresses of Russia and Austria, the Queen of Italy and the Queen Regent of Spain, as well as their Majesties of Portugal, Roumania and Servia, and the Countess of Paris, are all ardent lovers of tobacco, of which they are also thoroughly good judges. Perhaps the most inveterate smoker among the royal ladies is the Empress of Austria, who consumes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. She keeps her tobacco in an exquisitely chased silver box, which, together with a gold ash tray, are always to be seen on her writing table. Her Imperial Majesty of Russia and Queen Marguerite of Italy only smoke in the privacy of their own boudoirs. That of the Empress of Russia is a most fascinating apartment, which makes a really ideal smoking-room.

It is fitted up in the style of one of the loveliest rooms at the Alhambra, palm trees giving it quite a tropical appearance, while tempting lounges invite that repose which is such a delightful adjunct to the fragrant weed. The Countess of Paris will look at no tobacco which has not grown in the sunny climate of Havana, and while the Queen Regent of Spain gives her vote in favor of Egyptian cigarettes, and the Queen of Roumania declares in favor of Turkey, Queen Natalie, of Servia, has a store of tobacco from each country, of which she is careful to get only the very best. I believe the cigarette cases carried by some of these ladies are veritable dreams of beauty, being usually of gold inlaid with precious stones. Turning to our own country, it would take too long to mention the names of the well-known feminine votaries of the weed, and it is not even necessary to repeat that they are some of the highest in the land. A very large proportion of our "blue" women smoke, and many of them even smoke cigars as strong as those affected by the sterner sex.—[London Letter in Philadelphia Telegram.

WALT WHITMAN NEAR HIS END.

He Has Already Selected the Spot Where He Wishes to Be Buried.

It is believed by the friends of Walt Whitman that the good gray poet is fast approaching his end. He is now nearly 73 years old, and during the last few months his infirmities and feebleness have increased to an alarming degree.

WATT WHITMAN, 1863.

He cannot leave his bed without assistance, and his one faithful servant is in constant attendance upon him. His doctors say that the paralysis, which has now rendered him completely helpless, is slowly approaching the heart and that he may pass away at any moment. Despite his enfeebled condition his mind is apparently clear and active, and he spends some time every day in reading and dictating while sitting in his easy

IN 1891,

chair at the front window of his study in his modest little cottage. Only his intimate friends are allowed to see him and his callers are few. It is too much of an effort for him to receive strangers, many of whom formerly visited him in his quiet retreat. The poet realizes that death is not far off and has already chosen the spot where he desires his body to rest. It is in the prettiest and most picturesque corner of Harleigh's cemetery, about a mile from Camden, New Jersey. It is a natural mound, shaded by majestic oak and chestnut trees, near the edge of a steep decline, at the bottom of which a swiftly flowing mountain stream dashes over the rocks and loses itself in a beautiful little lake. A winding roadway passes through the grounds close to the spot which he has selected for his resting-place.

FIVE GOOD ONES.

Pauline—"He is very famous and he is painting a beautiful portrait of me."

Priscilla—"Is it possible?"—[Brooklyn Life.

Chicago Belle—"Would you advise me to marry for love?"

Chicago Widow—"Yes; it might do for once or twice; but don't allow yourself to get into the habit of it."—[Brooklyn Life.

Ella—"Are you familiar with Browning' poetry?"

Bella—"That is scarcely the word, my dear. No one can be really familiar with anything Mr. Browning has written."—[Lowell Citizen.

"One can't help admiring Mr. Bangle," observed Mrs. Snags. "He's so transparent."

"Yes," replied her husband. "I heard him say this morning that he had a pain in his chest."—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

Bookkeeper—"To-day Herr Meier, it is just 25 years since I entered your employment."

Principal—"All right, I understand; you wish to thank me for all the salary you have drawn during that time."—[Dorfborbier.

The Largest Check.

The largest check ever given in this country was that given by Jay Gould to Thomas Allen for the Iron Mountain railroad. He paid $2,000,000 for it, and handed Allen a check for that amount upon his acceptance of the offer. Allen looked at the paper that represented this vast amount, and said: "Isn't this a good deal of money for one man to have in one bank?" "I don't know," replied Gould; "perhaps it is. Let me have the check." Allen then handed the check back to Gould, and he handed it over to his office boy, saying: "Here, boy; take this check to the bank and have the cashier certify to it." And the boy went out and did it.

Demark's Girl Students.

The sweet girl students of Denmark, desirous that all the world should know of their collegiate aspirations, have determined to announce the fact by wearing students' caps in the form of a little round black hat with a black ribbon band and the university badge thereon. As yet the Vassar and Wellesley and Smith college girls are content to remain unlabelled.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES

CURE ACUTE, CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

NOTICE—The (only) Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co. is incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, with a cash capital of $1,000,000. President, Dr. A. Owen; Treasurer, H. Owen; Secretary, C. B. Meigs. The Main Offices, Head salesrooms, and only Factory are located at 191-193 State Street, Chicago, Ill., with a branch office at 826 Broadway, New York City. We are in no way responsible for representations of agents or any other persons selling goods of our manufacture, or making contracts or advertising in our name. Customers purchasing from either of the above offices may rely on whatever representations are made.

PROTRACTED AND SEEMINGLY HELPLESS SUFFERING RELIEVED AND CURED BY THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT.

LA GRANGE, GA., July 20, 1891.

DR. A. OWEN—*Dear Sir:* I am a farmer living near this place. I could not obtain relief from the *Owen Electric Belt* that I can not refrain from expressing to all my sense of the debt I owe you for this great boon to suffering humanity. Five years ago, my health began to fail, and I became unfitted for labor on the farm. An attack of measles subsequently prostrated me so that I became almost a perfect invalid and was very low spirited, sometimes not caring whether I lived or died—rather hoping to die. At no time could I tell about my protracted and seemingly hopeless suffering, which was increased by the fact that I had a family dependent upon me for support, and I could do but little for them. At times my extremities would suddenly become cold, and it seemed to me that I could not long survive the attack. Thus I continued to grow worse until last February, when seeing an advertisement of the Owen Electric Belt, I resolved to purchase one as a last hope of relief. The change is remarkable. My debility left me, my nerves renewed, and I am to-day a well, active man, able to work without weariness. I feel like another person, and I owe it all, under God, to the belt I have purchased from you. My relief has been so great that I am recommending the *Owen Electric Belts* to all of my afflicted friends. Yours truly,

L. H. SPIKES.

A LADY

WANTS THE WORLD TO KNOW THAT THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS ARE JUST WHAT THEY ARE CLAIMED TO BE.

HIGBEE, MO., AUG. 3, '91.

DR. A. OWEN—In regard to speaking of the wonderful curative powers your electric belt contains, I must say your belts are just what you claim them to be. Mother has suffered for twenty years or longer with a dreadful disease of the back. Before trying your belt it was continually "all in my back!" Now I can't hear her say one more. I would to God that the world knew of the wonderful effects of your belts.

Yours truly, MRS. MANERVIA DARITY.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CURES A CASE OF SPINAL DISEASE OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING.

PORTLAND, ME., AUG. 9, 1891.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.—*Gentlemen:* I have worn one of your belts for one year, and have received more benefit from it than any and all medicines which I have ever taken, and I have been sick with spinal complaint for five years. I cannot possibly live without the belt, for it is just what keeps life in my body. I am an eye witness of its curing a five years' case of rheumatism in two months.

I remain yours truly, A. MCDONALD,
East Deering, Me.

ENTIRELY CURED OF HEART TROUBLE, NERVOUSNESS, ETC.

HOME TALKS.

PRIVILEGE THAT SOCIETY OFFERS.

Young Men Are the Privileged—They Demand Morality in the Women They Are to Wed.

"OH, he was only sowing his wild oats, but he will be sure to make her a good husband!"

Make her a good husband? Perhaps, but what right has he to bring his soiled and tattered remnant of pure manhood to offer to that fair, sweet young girl who has been from infancy sheltered in the arms of father and mother love, or if unhappily deprived of that, has, by virtue of her own respect for her womanhood, kept herself free from taint, her soul's garments white as the unspotted lily?

What right has he who has familiarized himself with what is gross and sensual, who has given the best of his young years to frequent companionship with the vicious, who has let his passions lead him a slave until the burden of his thought is such that even he would blush to utter it in the presence of his mother and sister—what right has he, I ask, to ask a pure woman to share his future?

And even though he has not gone so far as that—though his lapses from virtue have been rare, and as the world goes he has quite respectable morals, what right has he to enter into a home to take thence, perhaps its fairest flower, the idol of the home circle, leaving the hearthstone desolate?

Young men are very princes of audacity in this respect. The very best of them can give none too much to this young girl who leaves the home-roof and the tender care and doting love that have been around her childhood and youth to give herself to him, taking what, under the brightest circumstances are the heavy cares of wife and mother. And when it comes to these "sowers of wild oats," who have thrown the best of themselves into the whirlpool of sensuality, and then demand permission to pluck the sweetest flowers of womanhood, looked at aright, they show an egotism that is monumental.

This masculine assumption of the right of men to be morally impure with the idea of reforming upon marriage grows, of course, out of the old idea that "man is the master and woman of no value except as his wife." It is not strange, perhaps, that the youth believes that there is a different code of morals for him from that by which his sister must be governed. Why should he not, when the whole atmosphere of society takes that coloring? Women condone in men what they would not permit in their own sex in its smallest degree. Fond, proud mothers and sisters welcoming into their parlors those whom everybody knows to be moral lepers; they see, too, that as warm courtesy is extended towards them as to those who have kept their manhood unsullied, and if there are wealth and position with the former and not with the latter; if there be a difference of treatment, in nine cases out of ten, the best is accorded to the lepers. What wonder that they go forth strong in the belief that purity is of small importance in the matter of getting a wife!

The trouble is with the ideal of marriage which both men and women in the majority hold. It is far away from that spiritual union which the effort to realize would sanctify the physical union. The ideal marriage does not mean to the absolute exclusion, simply the absorbing of one who will look after his house, bear his children, minister to his comfort, the recipient of petting or scolding, as the case may be. It does not mean to the wife simply security from a single life, a home, ease, worldly position, to be taken care of. All of these things are secondary in the ideal marriage. That comprehends a companionship that is of itself the truest joy. It includes the warmest love each for the other and the deepest respect.

The only way to make the ideal marriage more frequent, is to elevate the standard of morality, and the doing of this rests largely with women. Mothers should have the same standard for their boys as for their girls. They should teach them always that purity is as essential for one sex as for the other. They should show them that if moral cleanliness is right in the one case it is in the other.

There is a poem regarding this that many may be familiar with, but because it is eternally true so long as there is marrying and giving in marriage, it is always good. Like a fragment of quotation, one cannot resist a part. It is from the girl's standpoint. After telling her lover—

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manhood can have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

And then she does question him, ending with telling him what she requires:

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first
And say: "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, mid the falling leaves,
As you said 'mid the bloom of May?'

If your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook,
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

That is the way every girl should think—that every girl should feel. She should be satisfied with no less. She should demand the same purity and honor that are required of her.

There is, however, something else to say to these same young girls. I have said it before, or something like it, and it is quite probable that I shall say it again. You can never influence young men to a higher conception of womanhood; never lead them to regard you as their equals; never command from them the respect which is your due, if you do those things, small, perhaps, in themselves, which are yet upon the borderland of wrong doing. When it is a thing which you would blush to have your mother know, be very sure it were better to leave it undone. Do not fear being called a prude. Never fear being an old maid. Maidenly reserve will never be misunderstood.

You, however, people tell you that a young man who has sowed or is sowing a good crop of wild oats, will make you the best husband, do not believe it. Marriage may transform a man's nature, but it is by no means certain that it will do so, and you cannot afford to marry him as a means for his reformation. Do you suppose that by becoming his wife you can blot out the imagination that has held a carnival of vice through these years? Decency may restrain the outward conduct, but the inner man is still impure, and that impurity will cast its shadow over wife and children, and who can say where it will end?

The White Cross society is doing a glorious work in the direction of elevating opinion respecting the nature and claims of morality. If the "Declaration" to which its members declare their allegiance is held to, a new era will dawn upon the world.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Conveniences.

TO EVERY working housekeeper, the kitchen is the room of all others where conveniences are most needed. A sink, with hot and cold water over it, or if with nothing but a pump in it, is a great convenience, and is considered by some as an absolute necessity, but there are very many houses where there are none, so if you have one in your kitchen, be thankful, but do not have a "pot-hole" under it. I know there are some housekeepers who can keep even such a place clean, but with many, and especially with the usual "help," the temptation to tuck away things, when they are in a hurry, is very great, and, as a result, the things so disposed of are often forgotten and allowed to accumulate, until the place is so full of pots, pans, scrubbing brushes, cleaning cloths and what not, that a general cleaning out time is a positive necessity.

A lady who recently built what may be called a model house, as she has occupied it for six months, and, as yet, has not wished to make any changes, said in the beginning of the work, even when the plans were only talked of, that she would *not* have a "clutter place" in the house, and she has not; but she has every possible convenience. The sink in the kitchen is supported by graceful brackets that add much to its appearance; and do away entirely with the old-fashioned box-arrangement around the water pipes. Shelves, with glass doors before them, provide abundant room for all dishes, tins, etc., to be used in the kitchen, but there is no place where a cup of anything is left over, can be set away till a convenient time and then forgotten.

Under these shelves is a cupboard with doors, where the iron cooking utensils are kept, but there is a hook, or a place on which to hang, or stand each article, and there isn't room for any thing that isn't in its proper place, and as the mistress passes through the room it is impossible that she should not see every stray article. Near the kitchen, but separate from it so as to be free from the heat, is what might be called a "cold storage" room. Here is the ice-box, water-filter, and shelves on which may be put the remnants of food left from the table, but it is all in sight and can not be forgotten, even by the most careless "help," and the result of all this is that the work in that kitchen is reduced to the minimum because everything has a place, and it is obliged to be kept in its place.

Much trouble and many steps would be saved, if shelves could be placed in the kitchen over the table or near the stove, on which could be kept the articles most used in cooking. The salt and pepper, knives, forks and spoons, baking tins, etc., placed thus, would save the "miles of walking from pantry to stove and table," which housekeepers take. Near the sink, if you have one, should hang the hand towel, and over it a shelf where may be kept combs and brushes, a mucilage bottle of glycerine, to be used after washing your hands, and any other toilet essentials you may choose. It will encourage the children to form habits of neatness, if they find such things convenient, and that alone is enough to repay one for the trouble of putting them there.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

FAN BAG.—Any handsome ribbon that is of sufficient width, say four inches, will make one of these pretty and convenient articles. A yard will be sufficient for the purpose. Fold it together so as to make a bag one-half yard long. Sew the edges together to within two inches of the top. Turn down a hem an inch and a half wide. Make a casing at the bottom of the hem in which run the cord or narrow ribbon to draw it up by. The bottom may be left plain or it may be trimmed across with fringe, or finished with tassels.

PRETTY NEEDLE BOOK.—Get a yard and a half of the round white corset lacers. Cut it in two pieces. Crochet a flat circle covering the cord as filling with knitting silk of some light color, leaving enough cord to go twice around the outer edge. Cover that with some other color contrasting prettily with the first. These two circles form the covers of the needle book. Pink the edges of three or four pieces of white flannel cut a little smaller than these mats, place between and tie together upon one side with narrow ribbon, having tie strings opposite.

NEWSPAPER-HOLDER.—Cut a foundation piece 24 inches long and 14 wide out of straw matting or anything that can be doubled without breaking; round the corners. Have a strip of silk a yard long and 4½ inches wide. Gather this on both edges, and beginning in the middle of the long foundation sew it two inches from the edge up one side, across the top, and down the same distance on the other side. Draw it over the edge and catch it on the inside.

Cover the foundation with some pretty contrasting material, hemming it down over the raw edges of the puff as far as that goes, and then, drawing it over the other part, turn it down over the edge and baste. Put a lining in next, hemming it nicely over the raw edges of the puff, and to the outside when it is turned inside of the edge.

Fold together, catch the four corners firmly, and then sew ribbons to the two upper corners of the back to hang it up by.

Minnie: Several kinds of pincushions are described in "Fancy Work and House Decoration, No. 3," of which, however, there will soon be no more left. Send 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; s 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s s, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c f st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

WOOL SHAWL.—Use the wool single for the center of the shawl, but double it for the border. In using ice wool crochet loosely or use a large hook.

Begin at the center and make a chain of 8 or 4 stitches and join in a ring—then make 4 chain and catch with a s c in the first stitch of chain—4 chain and catch in 2d stitch, and so on until 4 similar chains are made; 2d round—Make 4 chain and catch in middle of 4 chain underneath—4 chain and catch in the same stitch to widen—4 chain and catch in middle of next chain underneath—4 chain and catch in same stitch to widen—repeat for the entire round; 3d round—Make chains of 4 and catch in the middle of the chains underneath, also widening as before in every widening of the 2d round. Work in this manner, being careful to make the widenings only in the widenings, until the center of the shawl is as large as required. For the border: 1st row—Make 5 d c, with the 3 middle ones drawn out long in one corner of the shawl—m 2 chain and catch with a s c to the next 4 chain or loop of the shawl center—m 2 chain, another shell—2 chain and fasten as before—continue in this way all around the shawl; 2d row—m 1 s c in the point of each shell, with 8 chain between; 3d row—m 1 d c drawn up long in each of the stitches underneath; this makes a solid looking row; 4th row—like 1st row; 5th row—like 2d row; 6th row—like 3d row; 7th row—like the 1st and 4th rows; 8th row—m 3 d c in the point of a shell—4 chain—1 s c in the s c underneath—4 chain—3 d c in point of the next shell, and repeat around the work; last row—m 6 d c in the middle of a 4 chain—* 2 chain—sk 2 of the d c underneath, and m a s c in the 3d d c—3 ch—1 s c in the s c underneath—3 chain—1 s c in the 1st of the next 3 d c—2 chain—5 d c in the middle of the next 4 ch and repeat from *, catching the last 2 chain in the 1st of the group of 6 d c.

Split zephyr or Saxony wool may be used, but neither is as pretty as ice wool, and black ice wool makes a very handsome shawl.

Correspondence.

HOW ONE OUTFIT WAS ARRANGED.—A few weeks since a young girl came to me with a long face. A school friend had asked her to spend a couple of months at her home in Portland. The friend was quite well off and dressed nicely. Nellie had very few dresses, and did not feel like spending over $20 for new ones. As she must have new shoes, slippers, gloves, and a hat, it would not be possible to buy more than one new dress. I told her to get together all of her dresses and hats, old and new, and any other articles that might be of use, and I would help her get ready. She possessed a pretty white embroidered swiss dress, a white cambric wrapper, a brown street suit, and a pretty house dress of challie. "If I could only have a traveling suit, a tea gown and an evening dress!" sighed Nellie, as she gazed at the pile of old dresses. There was an old, much be-ruffled and looped-up spotted, pearl colored silk; an old, once white, alpaca skirt, made with a much puffed back, and long, full over-skirt, and trimmed with bias bands of pink satin. These had belonged to an elder sister. A plain scarlet, full skirt and basque of Nellie's, that was too short and small for her, a lot of dirty creme Spanish lace, and a lot of soiled, faded ribbons, completed the array. It looked hopeless to Nellie, but to my practiced eye, there was plenty of material for at least two new dresses. The white was ripped up and washed, so was the silk, which was boiled in strong soda water until it was a dirty cream color. The red was also ripped up and washed. One bright day, armed with slate, blue and crimson diamond dyes, I began to renew the goods. The white was dyed a delicate gray with diamond slate dye. The silk took a pretty light blue, and the scarlet goods a deep crimson. A quantity of cream Spanish lace was dyed black, with black dye for silk. (In dyeing be sure to use the right dyes, as in some cases the dye that is good for wool, will have no effect upon cotton.) When all the goods was pressed and ready to make up, we went out shopping. Five dollars bought a pair of neat button boots, and a pair of little slippers. Two dollars went for a pair of kid gloves, and another dollar for two pairs of mitts, while one dollar and fifty cents bought a pair of undressed kid gloves for traveling. Five and one-half yards of black fish-net cost four dollars and forty cents, and five yards of blue ribbon took another dollar. Twenty-five cents bought a toque frame, and 75 cents a pretty lace straw hat. Two dollars went for linings, etc. Two yards of cream china silk cost one dollar. To the above we added three yards of crimson ribbon, and two yards of ruching, and our $20 were gone. The gray goods were made into a traveling dress. The front and sides of the skirt were plain and the back fan-pleated. Across the bottom was a row of silk passementerie. The waist was made a basque, pointed front and coat-tail back, and leg 'o mutton sleeves. The collar and cuffs were trimmed with the passementerie, and a stylish vest was formed of the same. A toque was covered with the dress goods, and a band of the passementerie around it. At the back was arranged a bunch of pink and gray flowers. The flowers and passementerie Nellie happened to have, and they came in nicely, as the latter was a dark gray and steel mixed. This was the traveling dress. From the silk we managed (by piecing) to get out a plain skirt and waist. A full skirt was made of the fish net and put into a band by itself. The waist was covered with the net, and trimmed with the Spanish lace. The skirts were basted together and the net draped at one side. The ribbon was used for three little belts and rosettes; also a rosette where the skirt was draped. The net was all made separate from the silk, and Nellie rejoiced to get from her old black silk and the sleeves from the basque, which she cut pointed in the neck, front and back, and then she could wear the net over black as well as blue. With the black she wore lemon-colored ribbons, which were cream-colored once, and colored over with weak diamond yellow dye. The crimson was made into a waist minus vest, and a skirt minus front, and these were sewed together. The front was then lined and frilled with the cream china silk, shirred at the neck and waist. The ribbon was put on under the arms, and tied in front. A pretty clasp held the neck together. Bell-sleeves were made and filled with cream lace, as there was not enough silk for them. A double box plaited ruche of fringed out silk was around the neck. Nellie was just delighted, and has gone on her visit, and wrote that she is having a nice time, and, thanks to me, is not ashamed of her clothes.—JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

Oliver's suggestion is a good idea, and no doubt much valuable information would be gained by it. I love books and papers and am always a ready listener when their merits are discussed. But we must not neglect those all important subjects which he thinks of no consequence. Perhaps some time in the future they will be of more consequence to him than he will think they ever could be.

I would suggest an idea to the members of the HOUSEHOLD. When answering letters for that department, suppose we place (in our minds) the persons we are writing to or about, in the place of our dearest and most intimate friends, and then talk to, or about them as we would talk to or about our friends. I think it would do away with those sarcastic letters which hurt people's feelings and cannot do any good, and may do harm. How do we know but, if we lived close by them, they would be our best friends. Then I think we would answer them very differently when they came to us for information.

Each man our brother is,
God's children all;
And each for each must live,
Both great and small.
We climb up nearer God,
Be this sweet love;
Who raises others, lifts
Himself above.

—ALICE.

I wish to suggest a design for a badge to wear at the World's Fair, or anywhere else: The word BLADE is on every page and every column, so I offer a BLADE as the badge of the family. Materials are a small piece of wood and ¼ yard blue ribbon, ¼ of an inch wide. The badge should be home-made. Whittle out a piece of wood into the shape of a knife, with blade and handle about 3 inches long. White pine is a good wood to work. Put a small tack (brass head or a pin or shade tack) in the end of the handle through the center of the ribbon, bring the ribbon down loosely on each side of the handle, and tie in a bow knot where the blade joins the handle. This can be pinned to the left breast, or a small loop can be put on the coat to just admit the blade being shoved in to hold and not hide it. The ribbon is for the Temperance Legion. It is simple, and everybody can make one. They should not be offered for sale to everybody. Only those will wear them who read THE BLADE.—A. L. ARNOLD.

Please tell Alice that we, none of us, want our children to do wrong. As parents and guardians we have our duty to perform; but if you have a tree or a plant that you want to grow up healthy, and strong, and well-developed, you put it right out into the open air and give it plenty of room and sunshine. So it is with the natural life of a child; only the child life, being so much more precious than that of any tree or plant, should be more carefully guarded, but not too much, either—don't wear out your child's life by pestering; better let them die a natural death.

As for the spiritual life, that is something that cannot be enforced on any child. We must try to implant in the child's heart the love of all that is pure and holy and then let it develop gradually and naturally.

If we are kind to other people's children and help them up when they fall, I believe that others will be kind to our children.

We fall when we break any one of the ten commandments and our only hope is in Christ. He said: "All that the Father giveth me will come unto me."—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

Inquiries.

Can any one give a remedy for the whooping cough?—ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Will the person who corrected the "bed spread pattern please tell us how to repeat?"—DISAPPOINTED.

Will some one send me easy directions for crocheting infant's sack and shoes?—MRS. A. Q.

Will you tell me who places the wedding ring on the bride's finger?—HERMOINE.

The groom.—ED.

Can some one tell me what to do with an old-fashioned, light tan colored dress? It is made with a plain skirt and long polonaise; very much puffed up in the back. There is plenty of the goods. Would like to dye it over to a dark grey, a brown, or a green. Then can it be made into a stylish suit, and what shall I use for trimmings?—A. ANTO.

Will some one tell me who is the author of this quotation:

"For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—HENRIETTA.

Will some one send a pretty name for my baby girl; one that means something good?—YOUNG MOTHER.

At what age should a little boy leave off skirts and be put into regular boy's clothing?—MRS. J. M. C.

Answers to Inquiries.

Verona, S.K.: Typesetting is a business as suitable and profitable for women as telegraphy, typewriting, or any other trade. There are but comparatively few women engaged in this, or who make a success of it, and the principal reason is that very few women will give the requisite time and labor required to make first-class workmen. They merely take it up as a make-shift till matrimony, or something else gives them a change, for the better, it is to be hoped, and have no ambition to excel in the work. They expect to be exempted from all the disagreeable part of the work that would fall to the lot of a man who was learning it, and feel "hurt" at reproofs or corrections. And this is the only reason that they cannot succeed and earn good wages. There are some Typographical schools in the country, but if you can obtain employment in a printing office, and are willing to be taught, and to work, you will, without doubt, succeed.—ED.

Query:—Most of the "women preachers" are regularly ordained ministers, licensed to preach, solemnize marriages, officiate at funerals, etc., as are the preachers of the sterner sex. The records show that there are between 700 and 800 of these women. The largest proportion is among the Friends. The Universalist church stands next, having 36 regularly ordained preachers, many more others who are licensed to preach only. The Unitarians, Congregationalists and Methodists have also women of great ability in the pulpits of their churches. The first woman to be ordained to the ministry was the Rev. Antoinnette Brown Blackwell in 1863.—ED.

Sid:—Is reminded of the rule of this department, that the writer's name shall accompany an inquiry or communication of any kind.—ED.

For the lady who wishes to learn how to make blue transfer paper: Take a sheet of some kind of rather tough paper (light yellow wrapping paper, such as one sometimes gets around packages purchased at dry goods stores). Grease it thoroughly with lard; place it by the fire till the paper absorbs the lard; grease again and place by the fire as before, then with a soft cloth rub off all the superfluous grease. With another cloth apply enough soluble blue or common bookbluing to make a bright line upon what ever you intend to stamp. Soluble blue can be bought at drug stores.—MRS. VAN B.

Mrs. F. P. L.:—We use burdock root, instead of the seed, to purify the blood. Cut up fine, pour cold water over, let it stand over night and drink the water.—MRS. A. Q.

A Subscriber:—A hot bath, using some good toilet soap every night before retiring, will help the oily complexion you complain of. Use the water as hot as possible, and rub the face and neck well with soap. Afterwards, rinse thoroughly with cold water, and dry with a soft towel. If continued for two months, this will greatly improve your complexion. You should avoid eating greasy food, and take plenty of exercise in the open air.—MEDICUS.

Lizzie:—If your invalid cannot bear to talk very much, how would it do to read to him? Not very long at a time, nor anything that would require much thought on his part, just some amusing or interesting book.—STELLA.

MENU.

This is for refreshments at an anniversary party at which sixteen persons are present:

Chicken Patties.
Oyster Croquettes. Rolls.
Chicken Salad. Cold Baked Ham.
Olives. Salted Almonds. Celery.
Ices. Cake.
Coffee.

Recipes.

BRIDE'S CAKE—4 cupfuls sugar, 2 cupfuls of butter, 2 cupfuls milk, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of 14 eggs, 1 tablespoonful corn starch, 6 cupfuls sifted flour.—GERTRUDE.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE—Whites of 10 eggs, 1½ cupfuls pulverized sugar, 1 cupful flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder (or 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar and 1 teaspoonful soda), ½ teaspoonful salt. Put all twice through a seive, then stir in the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with rose or lemon. These are given in answer to request by "Zephyr."—ELLA G.

The same recipe has been sent by MRS. S. A. R., and is called by her, a FARMER'S FRUIT CAKE.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—1 cupful suet chopped fine; 1 cupful molasses; 3 cupfuls flour; 1 egg; 1 cupful raisins, seeded and cut in two; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in 1 cupful sweet milk; spices to suit the taste. Steam 3 hours and serve with liquid sauce.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—1 cupful sugar; ½ cupful butter; 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful of wine, or vinegar. Beat together for 15 minutes and heat till boiling hot.—MRS. C. B. WHEELER.

MOCK DUCK:—Take the round of beefsteak, salt and pepper both sides; prepare a dressing of bread, or crackers, with or without oysters, as for stuffing a turkey; lay the dressing on the meat and sew it up. Roast about an hour, and if you do not look for the wings and legs, you will think you have roast duck.—AUNT ANNA.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Relieves Mental and Physical Exhaustion.

PLUCK AND ENERGY

CHARACTERIZE DR. MARY ALLEN.

Some Account of the Life of a Woman Who Has Won a National Reputation.

A little over a half century ago, a stalwart young Englishman who had just reached his majority went into Southern Michigan, then sparsely settled, and there married him a wife. A brave woman was she and a true helpmeet, for in the impossibility of obtaining assistance she helped him to pull the bark from the trees with which to cover the cabin that was to be their home. And what a home it seems to-day when, in our comfortable houses, we hear that often and often snakes would come up through the floor, making themselves familiar friends, if presence could render them so, and never did the young wife go to bed without taking off the bedclothes and shaking them to see that these visitants had not ensconced themselves therein.

The time came, however, for a change, and the young couple removed to Delta, Ohio, not then known by that name. It had two or three appellations more significant than euphonious. It was called Hardscrabble and Tadmor in the Wilderness; and a wilderness it must have been, for there were but two houses in the whole place. One of these was a log cabin, the other a slab lean-to, the prophecy of better things in the future. In the latter, Mary, the subject of this sketch, was born.

An idea of what life there meant in those early days may be gathered from the fact that her father was compelled to walk 175 miles in order to get his naturalization papers. When he reached the county seat he had in his pocket $40, the sum total of his earnings for a whole year. Imagine his feelings when he found that it was wild-cat.

In this wild frontier place Mary passed the years of her childhood, and happy years they were, notwithstanding the limitations of the life conditions around her. She early showed the activity of her brain, for she was able to read at 4, and at 7 she could repeat Kirkham's grammer by heart. It is related of her when 8 years old, that coming home from school one night she found a melodeon which had been left there by a district school teacher. Immediately, the child, who had never seen an instrument before, begged her father to purchase it for her. "If," said he, "you will learn to play old Boylston in an hour you shall have it." With the same pluck that has characterized her mature life she went to work and picked it out in a single half hour.

In these days, too, her future was shadowed forth in her childish games. She cared little for dolls, but when she did play with them, they were always taken dangerously ill, and she would call on the physician called in to prescribe for their ailments. Frequently they would die upon her hands, and then in the most serious and devout manner she would preach a funeral sermon, usually without hearers, for she had no brothers nor sisters, and her playmates were few indeed. Looking at her earnest, thoughtful face to-day, one can readily imagine how quaint the expression of the child must have been in these, to her, important ceremonies.

Of course she attended the village school, but at fourteen she had learned about all that her instructors knew, and she began teaching. The desire for a college course grew and strengthened with every month that passed, but the necessary money must be earned. It was not then considered so important that a woman should be liberally educated as it is to-day, but Mary's thirst for knowledge was so strong that it would not be denied. Accordingly she went to Attica hoping to obtain a class in music. Good fortune attended her efforts, for twenty pupils came under her instruction. She stayed there studying as well as teaching for a year and a half, and then found that she had earned money enough to enter college at Delaware.

Of the work she did then it does not need that more should be said than that she took four years' course in three, and graduated with high honors; but alas! breaking a naturally fine constitution in its accomplishment, and for years suffering for this mistake.

After graduating she went away to teach in a collegiate institute at Battle Ground, Ind., French, German and music, continuing this work until within ten days of her marriage with Chilion B. Allen, a graduate of Delaware class-ical department and of Ann Arbor law school.

Then came the long struggle for health, going from one watercure to another, until at Danville she grew better, and in doing so, discovered the great truth that health was not restored by drugs, but by obedience to law. Soon after with her husband she began the study of medicine, first in her own country, and then spending three years abroad, returning to graduate at Ann Arbor in 1875. Although she took a thorough course in Europe she could only obtain at that time certificates of her proficiency because she chanced to be a woman.

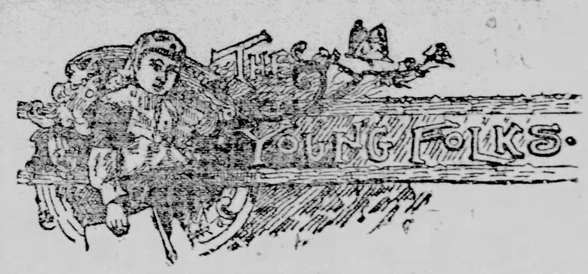
In Newark, New Jersey, where she and her husband settled, her first literary work was done. It was the beginning of "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," which has taken so high position as a temperance physiology. When she began, it was without a thought of anything more than the three articles that were published in the *Kindergarten Magazine*.

An interval of two years followed, and then stimulated by her success in this direction in the little talks she gave to those who desired to know more of themselves, she wrote ten more articles that appeared in the *Christian Union*. These were so popular that their expansion into a book was demanded, and she and her husband united in the completion of this admirable volume. Besides this work Mrs. Allen has contributed to many leading magazines and papers, her articles being always acceptable to both publishers and the public. A poem that is especially beautiful, and one that appeals to all women is entitled "Motherhood." It has been issued in a pretty, tasteful form and is very popular.

Beyond all this, however, and beyond the work she has done in her profession, is the power and influence exerted from the platform. While located in Ithaca, she saw a notice by Miss Willard of the great need of scientifically educated women to talk upon that side of the temperance question. There she was at home, and with her whole heart in the effort, she wrote a paper that was presented at the state convention held in Cortland, N. Y. Eloquent, logical and convincing, it took the audience by storm, and demonstrated her fitness to do national work in this direction, and she was appointed national lecturer in the field of heredity. Thenceforth she traveled through the different states, speaking to delighted audiences. Mingled with this work was the instructing of teachers in temperance physiology, taking the subject neither from an emotional nor religious standpoint, but one entirely scientific.

Great as her work has been for temperance, that she has accomplished for social purity is still greater. With clean hands and a pure heart she touches her subject. In chaste, beautiful language she couches her argument, and those who hear her feel only her earnestness, see only the truth. That she has an exceptional fitness for laboring in this field is shown by the fact that she has lectured upon the subject, so hard to handle, Sabbath evenings in the crowded churches of Heber Newton, of Dr. Cuyler and of Dr. Penticost. She talks in schools and colleges, and several winters by invitation of Miss Grace Dodge she has spoken to the working girls of New York city. It is a glorious gift, that of being able to move to higher thought by the inspiration of such eloquence.

When one thinks of all this work which she has accomplished for the good of humanity, besides discharging her duties to the children who are so proud of their gifted mother, we cannot but wonder at her capacity for accomplishment. Well may women everywhere, not only here in Toledo where she now makes her home, but all over the broad land, congratulate themselves that she has proven so nobly what a woman may do through her own strength of character. Sweet in face, engaging in manner, with clear tones in which to voice her irresistable logic, and with a ready pen, Dr. Allen, in the prime of life, may yet look forward to many years of work for the good of humanity.



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DELL, OREGON.

Dora E. Stark,	Thomas Lockett,
Ida I Olk,	Freddie Scott,
Julia Jones,	Arthur Logan,
John Stark,	Charlie Taylor,
Theodore Olk,	Roy Grimes,
Belle Olk,	Pearl Grimes,
Willie Olk,	Hickman Lockett,
Marshall Lockett,	Nellie E. Cobb,
Harry Wales,	Zella Taylor,
Oscar Logan,	Hardin Lockett,
Hans Hansen,	Mattie G. Lockett,
Flossie Scott,	Barbara Kennedy,
	James Monoughan.

VALE, OREGON.

James Pierce,	John McLaughlin,
George McLaughlin,	Mable McLaughlin,
Martin Peirce,	Malcolm Hazeltine,
Mannie Hatfield,	Paul Trembly,
Ida Hazeltine,	Della Pennington.
	Laura B. Hazeltine.

Names this week, 36. Total, 31,466.
The above embraces all names received up to November 9.

A Child of Seven.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds of earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods an autumn stirred,
Welling waters, winsome word,
Wind in warm, warm weather;
One thing yet there is, that none,
Hearing ere its chimes be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very round and very light,
Heard, from morning's rosiest height,
Where the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.
Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold,
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale, or, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

—[Algernon C. Swinburne.

JERICHO BOB.

BY ANNA EICHBERG KING.

Jericho Bob, when he was 4 years old, hoped that one day he might be allowed to eat just as much turkey as he possibly could. He was 8 now, but that hope had not been realized.

Mrs. Jericho Bob, his mother, kept hens for a living, and she expected that they would lay enough eggs in the course of time to help him to an independent career as a bootblack.

They had lived in a tumbledown house in a waste of land near the steam cars, and besides her hens Mrs. Bob owned a goat.

Our story has, however, nothing to do with the goat except to say he was there, and that he was on nibbling terms, not only with Jericho Bob, but with Bob's bosom friend, Julius Cæsar Fish, and it was surprising how many old hat-brims and other tidbits of clothing he could swallow during a day.

Jericho Bob truly said, it was no earthly use to get something new for Jericho, even if she could afford it; for the goat browsed all over him, and had been known to carry away even a leg of his trousers.

Jericho Bob was 8 years old, and the friend of his bosom, Julius Cæsar Fish, was 9. They were both of a lovely black; a tallow-dip could take the kink out of old Bob, and the hardest whipping did not disturb the even cheerfulness of their spirits. They were so much alike that if it hadn't been for Jericho's bow legs and his turn-up nose, you really could not have told them apart.

A kindred taste for turkey also united them.

In honor of Thanksgiving day Mrs. Bob always sacrificed a hen which would, but for such blessed relief, die of old age. On one Thanksgiving dinner stalk proudly up the bare yard, and even hop across the railroad tracks.

But, alas! the possession of the turkey brought with it strife and discord.

Quarrels arose between the friends as to the prospective disposal of his remains. We grieve to say that the question of who was to cook him led to blows.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. There was a coldness between the friends which was not dispelled by the bringing of a pint of cranberries to the common store by Jericho, and the contributing thereto of a couple of cold boiled sweet potatoes by Julius Cæsar Fish.

The friends sat on an ancient wash-tub in the back yard, and there was a momentary truce between them. Before them stood the freight car, and along the track beyond an occasional train tore down the road, which so far excited their mutual sympathy that they rose and shouted as one man.

At the open door of the freight car stood the unsuspecting turkey, and looked meditatively out on the landscape and at the two figures on the wash-tub.

One had bow-legs, a turn-up nose and a huge straw hat. The other wore a fur cap and a gentleman's swallow-tail coat, with the tails caught up because they were too long.

The turkey hopped out of the car and gazed confidingly at his protectors. In point of size he was altogether their superior.

"I think," said Jericho Bob, "we'd better ketch 'im; to-morrow's Thanksgiving. Yum!"

And he looked with great joy at the innocent, the unsuspecting fowl.

"Butcher Tham 'th goin' ter kill 'im for uth," Julius Cæsar hastened to say, "an' I kin cook 'im."

"No, you ain't. I'm goin' to cook 'im," Jericho Bob cried, resentfully. He's mine."

"He ain't; he'th mine."

"He was my egg," and Jericho Bob danced defiance at his friend.

The turkey looked on with some surprise, and he became alarmed when he saw his foster fathers clasped in an embrace more of anger than of love.

"I'll eat 'im all alone!" Jericho Bob cried.

"No yer shan't!" the other shouted.

The turkey shrieked in terror, and fled in a circle about the yard.

"Now, look yere," said Julius Cæsar, who had conquered, "we're goin' to be squar'. He wath your egg, but who brought 'im up? Me! Who'th got a friend to kill 'im? Me! Who'th got a fire to cook 'im? Me! Now you git up and we'll kitch 'im. Ef you thav another word about yer egg I'll jeth eat 'im all up mythelf."

Jericho Bob was conquered. With mutual understanding they approached the turkey.

"Come yere; come yere," Julius Cæsar said, coaxingly.

For a moment the turkey gazed at both, uncertain what to do.

"Come yere," Julius Cæsar repeated, and made a dive for him. The turkey spread his tail. Oh, didn't he run!

"Now I've got yer!" the wicked Jericho cried, and thought he had captured the fowl, when with a shriek from Jericho Bob, as the turkey flocked him

"NOW I'VE GOT YER."

over, the Thanksgiving dinner spread his wings, rose in the air, and alighted on the roof of the freight car.

The turkey looked down over the edge of the car at his enemies, and they gazed up at him. Both parties surveyed the situation.

"We've got him," Julius Cæsar cried at last, exultantly. "You git on the roof, and ef you don't kitch 'im up thar, I'll kitch 'im down yere."

With the help of the wash-tub, an old chair, Julius Cæsar's back, and much scrambling, Jericho Bob was hoisted on top of the car. The turkey was stalking solemnly up and down the roof with tail and wings half spread.

"I've got yer now," Jericho Bob said, creeping softly after him. "I've got yer now, sure!" he was just repeating, when with a deafening roar the express train of New York came tearing down the road.

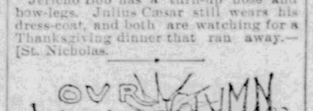
For what possible reason it slowed up on approaching the freight car nobody ever knew; but the fact remains that it did, just as Jericho Bob laid his wicked black paw on the turkey's tail.

The turkey shrieked, spread his wings, shook the small black boy's grasp from his tail, and with a mighty swoop alighted on the roof of the very last car as it passed; and in a moment more Jericho Bob's Thanksgiving dinner had vanished, like a beautiful dream, down the road!

What became of that Thanksgiving dinner no one ever knew. If you happen to meet a traveling turkey without any luggage, but with a smile on his countenance, please send word to Jericho Bob.

Every evening he and Julius Cæsar Fish stand by the broken-down fence and look up and down the road, as if they expected some one.

Jericho Bob has a turn-up nose and bow-legs. Julius Cæsar still wears his dress-coat, and both are watching for a Thanksgiving dinner that ran away.—[St. Nicholas.



News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE ELECTIONS.

OHIO ELECTS McKINLEY.

His Plurality 21,000—Both Branches of the General Assembly Have Republican Majorities.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 4.—(Special.)—This was the most glorious campaign of them all, and was waged by the Republicans of Ohio with vim, vigor and victory, which insured the admirable results. The state go s Republican over 21,000 plurality.

GOVERNOR-ELECT M'KINLEY.

Governor Campbell was asked by THE BLADE to advance some theory for the sudden fall of his high hopes, but he said that it would be very hard for him to give the proper attribute to his defeat. Chairman Hahn was in the best of humor, and after being cheered to the echo responded in a neat speech. Then turning to THE BLADE correspondent he gave the following ideas of the election and its results.

"The campaign in Ohio, while a state campaign, was national in every sense of the word. Democrats imported some of their ablest men, Mills of Texas, Crisp of Georgia, and other Southern leaders, because they believed they were fairly posted and would educate Ohio voters to the effects of the McKinley bill. In this they were much mistaken. The old soldiers rebuked them for bringing this class of men into the state who had never voted for any bill that would give them any kind of a pension whatever. In my opinion this cost the Democratic party 5,000 votes. Of course it was a campaign in which the Republicans stood by the McKinley bill and honest money, and we have won a magnificent victory. We have demonstrated to the people of the country that the McKinley bill has come to stay. There never has been, in my opinion, such an uprising among our people in the way of endorsing this magnificent leader. We were told in the beginning that thousands of farmers were going back on the Republican party. The figures show it directly the opposite, and again we believe that Gov. Campbell was pinced at a great disadvantage because the merchants of Ohio advertised that they were selling goods at a lower price this year than last. We had only to refute charges by calling upon prominent Democrats engaged in business, who would spurn the idea that America's manufactured goods had advanced in price on account of the McKinley bill I think again that Governor Campbell made a great mistake in trying to lead people to believe that Americans were unable to manufacture tin, when he and all Democrats knew that many thousand dollars were invested in buildings and machinery all over the country. It is a great victory for the Republican party. It prevents the Democrats from gerrymandering the state and sterling from fifteen to sixteen electors. A Republican legislature will redistrict the state into congressional districts, and instead of being represented in Congress by sixteen Democrats and five Republicans, in my opinion it will be the reverse. The People's party vote failed to cut much of a figure in the election, from the fact it was not made up of representative farmers and laboring men. Our Democratic friends tried to work this party in their interest, but in that they utterly failed.

"The Democrats have always charged that Republican manufacturers have intimidated their workmen, but with the Australian ballot it also turned out that in this they were mistaken, as in all other things. I can only say that the Republicans of Ohio have demonstrated to the country that in order to win victory they must stand by protection to American manufactures and American labor. We are more than satisfied with our victories.

CAMPBELL'S CONGRATULATION

He Gives the Next Governor a Good Send Off.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 4.—(Special.)—At 10:30 this morning Gov. Campbell sent [illegible]

HE GIVES THE NEXT GOVERNOR A Good Send Off.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 4.—(Special.)—At 10:30 this morning Gov. Campbell sent the following telegram:

How. Wm. McKinley, Jr., Canton, O.: "I heartily congratulate you upon your election. I have no doubt but you will serve the people of Ohio with fidelity and honesty.
(Signed) JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

The Randall club, of Pittsburg, sent a long telegram tendering their sympathies to Governor Campbell and expressing an earnest hope to be present at his inauguration to the highest office in the nation. Speaking of his defeat this morning Governor Campbell said: "I attribute it to the lack of funds, and the loss of many Republican voters who would have voted with the Democrats on the tariff, but did not wish to commit themselves on free coinage of silver."

AFTER BRICE.

Afraid the Legislature Will Unseat Him.

LIMA, O., Nov. 5.—(Special.)—The able political managers of Senator Brice are exceedingly uneasy since the Republicans have elected a good working majority in the legislature. They fear that a movement may be put on foot to unseat the senator from New York, and put a good Republican in his place. The Republicans here are in favor of the unseating movement, and hope to see Foraker and Sherman both elected to represent Ohio in the senate. There are many Tingman Democrats in the Northwest who would be glad to see such a movement successful.

FORAKER'S STRONG FOLLOWING

They Feel That Beyond a Doubt He Will be the Senator.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 5.—(Special.)—The Foraker following are jubilant, and it is now settled almost beyond a doubt that the ex-governor will be the choice of the caucus as the next United States senator. At this time it is an equally hard matter to place before the public eye facts and figures to substantiate these claims. More than fifty of the elected members are avowed Foraker men, and there are at least twenty more in doubtful counties who will join hands with that side, but among these unavowed members are many who are endeavoring for the time being to keep their opinions to themselves. An open avowal for Foraker would embarass them in the county from which they were sent, and perhaps come among their following an unpleasantness that they seek to bridge over until the storm echoes of the gubernatorial campaign have peacefully subsided, and but that Foraker will win the contest is admitted by several of the Sherman following.

It has been the policy of the Sherman people to pass resolutions in conventions where they deemed it wise and possible to understand exactly upon what ground the candidates stood and make it a canvass in the nominating convention.

This policy culminated in the proceedings of the Mansfield senatorial district. Here Mr. Henry C. Hedges, Senator Sherman's business partner, appeared as a proxy and presided over the convention. Hedges drew up a resolution pledging the district to Sherman, this being the culminating point in that line of resolutions. Foraker men deserve credit for the prudence in not accepting such open challenge on the senatorial question, for had the done so, the gubernatorial chances of Major McKinley would have been embarrassed. Due respect for the McKinley cause was shown, otherwise the campaign would have developed into a regular throat-cutting match, and there would have been total to the Republican party as its result. In no single case did the Foraker people propose in county or senatorial district conventions resolutions favoring Foraker, or even expressing the popular preference for him, as in scores of conventions it could have been done. They have, however, secured the pledge of the majority, and will put Foraker in without the slightest trouble.

WILL REDISTRICT THE STATE.

Democratic Gerrymander to Be Rectified and Majority Rule Returned.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 6.—(Special.)—The anti-Campbell Democrats are gloating over the fact that they warned the party Campbell's nomination would drag the ticket down to defeat and deliver the state to the Republicans, who would apportion the same into Congressional districts. This will be done as sure as the snow flies, and the Republicans will give the Democrats a dose of their own medicine in return for the gerrymander of two years ago, when fourteen Democratic Congressional districts were carved out of Ohio. The Republicans have seven now. They will help themselves to eight more, and the representation will stand ten to six in the Fiftieth Congress, fifteen Republicans to six Democrats. Such is the fate of war.

FLOWEE WINS IN NEW YORK.

The Country Districts Did Not Give Fassett the Vote Expected.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Roswell P. Flower has been elected as governor of New York to succeed David B. Hill. His plurality is estimated between 18,000 and 24,000. Fassett did not carry Elmira, his own city, Flower beating him there

ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

by 504 votes. This city gave Flower 58,000 plurality and Brooklyn gave him 14,000.

Returns received from district outside of New York and Kings counties indicate that Fassett has been meeting Folger's fate. In Jefferson, Clinton, Essex, Montgomery and Wyoming counties he was far behind the vote for Miller. Flower's gains on a decreased vote were ahead of Hill's.

The vote in this city was very light. It had been expected that out of the registration of 261,532, at least 240,000 ballots would be polled. But only about 220,000 persons voted. In the Hill-Miller campaign more than 271,000 votes were cast. Comparatively, Flower ran as well as Hill, whose plurality was 69,000, and who was elected by 19,000.

Returns from Brooklyn show that the Democrats have elected their mayor, one congressman, their entire city and county ticket, seven aldermen at large, eight district aldermen, three civil justices and five supervisors. The Republican politicians claim that the silk stocking element of their party gave their support to Boody, the banker, and thereby defeated the German grocer, Henry A. Meyer.

THE RESULT IN MASSACHUSETTS

Governor Russell is Re-elected, but the Republicans Carry Everything Else.

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—It is estimated that in the whole state Russell has received 156,000 and Allen 151,000, leaving the governor a plurality of about 5,000. The vote of Boston is 36,512 for Russell and 22,987 for Allen, which gives the Democrats a plurality in the city of 13,525.

An analysis from the returns from 283 out of the 323 towns, shows that Allen gained over Brackett in Chelsea and Somerville, and relatively in Holyoke. On the other hand, Russell has made net gains in New Bedford, Lawrence, Fall River, Salem, Chickopee, and elsewhere.

Lieutenant Governor Haile and the balance of the Republican state ticket are elected by ample pluralities. State Auditor Trefz (Dem.) is defeated. In most places he ran behind Corcoran on the Democratic ticket. The Senate is Republican. The House has an increased Republican majority.

GREAT VICTORY IN CHICAGO.

The Entire Republican Ticket in Cook County is Elected.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Complete returns received from every precinct in Cook county show that the entire Republican ticket was elected yesterday. Not a man

received from every precinct in Cook county show that the entire Republican ticket was elected yesterday. Not a man

to be missed. The Republican candidates for county commissioners in the city districts appear to have received majorities varying from 7,000 to 14,000. Mr. Eckhart, Republican candidate for drainage trustee, received a larger vote than any other candidate for that office. The only Democrat elected was Lyman E. Cooley, drainage trustee, who comes in as the minority representative. It is one of the most sweeping Republican victories ever known in Cook county and is largely due to continued dissensions in Democratic ranks. A significant feature of the election is that nearly every man endorsed by the American or "Know Nothing" associations appears to have been elected.

JERRY SIMPSON IN THE SHADE.

The Nondescript People's Party Loses Its Prestige in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 4.—The election returns from Kansas are coming in very slowly. Nothing has been heard from any of the counties in the western half of the state. Almost all of the counties in the eastern portion have made partial returns. Such returns as have been received would indicate that the People's party has lost its prestige. Out of 50 counties from which returns have been received, six will probably elect a People's party ticket, with the exceptions of Marshall and Kingman, at greatly reduced pluralities. These counties show gains of 300 and 200 respectively. The other counties will elect straight Republican or fused Republican and Democratic tickets.

Of ten district judges to be elected the Republicans have probably elected eight. As there were no state officers voted for, and on account of fusion of the Republicans and Democrats, or Democrats and People's party, in many of the counties, it is impossible to make any satisfactory comparison with the vote of last year.

TOPEKA, KAN., Nov. 5.—Returns from 90 of the 106 counties in this state show the defeat of the People's party ticket in 75 counties. In the two judicial districts in which elections were held, seven Republicans, two Democrats and one Alliance man were elected. There were combinations between the Democrats and Republicans in three judicial districts, all of which were successful. Jerry Simpson was the only Alliance congressman who succeeded in putting the county ticket through. The Republicans and Democrats are congratulating each other and the old-time Republicans predict that the campaign of 1892 will be between the old parties.

KEYSTONE STATE ALL RIGHT.

The Republican Majority Will Not be Less Than 40,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—Complete figures from 52 of the 67 counties of the state, including Philadelphia and Allegheny, and careful estimates of the other fourteen counties show a plurality of 56,608 for Gregg, Republican, for auditor-general, and 53,888 for Morrison, Republican, for state treasurer. The proposition for the constitutional convention was overwhelmingly rejected.

The Nebraska Result in Doubt.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 5.—The result in the state is still in doubt; the Republicans claim the state by from 5,000 to 7,000 for Post for supreme judge. The independents claim Edgerton's election by 10,000, but have no figures on which to base it.

Sixteen counties out of 90 in the state, exclusive of Douglass and Lancaster, gave Post (Rep.) for Supreme court judge, 15,950; Edgerton (Ind.), 15,732. Lancaster county estimates gives Post 1,300 majority and Douglass county 6,000 majority. This will indicate that Post's plurality in the state will be over 7,000. M. V. Gannon, president of the Irish National league, Democratic candidate for clerk of the District court in this (Douglass) county, was defeated by Frank Moores (Rep.) by over 20,000 majority. This was due to the anti-Catholic vote in Omaha. Twenty-six counties complete give Post 25,023; Edgerton, 24,675.

Republican Legislature in Iowa.

DES MOINES, IA., Nov. 5.—Fifty counties complete in Iowa, out of a total of 99 in the state, give Boies (Dem.), for governor, a plurality over Wheeler of 7,488. The same counties in 1889 gave Bois a plurality of 4,962, making a net gain this year of 2,626. The remaining counties gave Boies in 1889 a plurality of 1,561. If the gain is kept up in the remaining counties, his plurality will be in the neighborhood of 8,000, a gain of 2,000 over two years ago. The returns on the other state officers are scattering.

In the Lower House the Republicans have gained Audubon, Adair, Adams, Boone, Decatur, Floyd, Powshiek and Kossuth; the Democrats gain Marion, O'Brien and Sioux. The parties were equally divided two years ago, and the Republicans will, therefore have a clear majority. The Senate is conceded to be Democratic by one or two votes. It is estimated that the total vote will reach 420,000, the largest vote ever cast in the state of Iowa.

The Maryland Result.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5.—The *Sun* says: The Democrats have elected 14 new senators. Baltimore city 3, Baltimore county, Carroll, Hartford, Howard. With seven holding over this will give them 20 senators. There are four holding over Republicans. In the house of delegates the Democrats have 71 members to 7 Republicans and 1 not accounted for. The Democratic plurality in Maryland is 12,000 to 15,000, based on partial and estimated returns from the counties.

In Baltimore the Democrats elect their entire ticket. Latrobe is elected mayor by 8,039 majority. The Democratic legislative candidates from the three districts of the city are elected by large majorities.

Jolley's Majority.

MADISON, S. D., Nov. 5.—As there are no tabulated returns of previous votes in this state by precincts, it is difficult to form definite estimates of the total vote of the state from incomplete returns, but in two-thirds of the cities of the state already reported, Jolley (Rep.) has a majority of 2,000 over Smith (Ind.). Wood (Dem.) cuts no figure in the race. In 200 rural precincts returned, Jolley has an average of 24, and Smith 18 votes. This proportion carried out, would give Jolley 5,000 over Smith in the country, which, added to his city vote, would give him a total plurality of 8,000 over Smith, with a good margin for loss. The total vote of the state will be less than 40,000.

NEW CONGRESSMEN ELECTED.

The Republicans Make a Gain of One in Michigan.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—A special dispatch from Washington, D. C., to the *Tribune* (Rep.) says: "Six Congressmen to fill vacancies were elected yesterday. In the Fifth Michigan district, vacated by the death of M. E. Ford (Dem.) Chas. C. Belknap (Rep.) was elected over John T. Lawrence (Dem.) by from 1,200 to 1,500 votes. In the Twenty-second New York district the seat lately resigned by J. W. Rusk (Rep.) was filled by N. M. Curtis (Rep.), he having defeated W. F. Porter (Dem.) by a considerable majority. The Second South Dakota district, vacated by the death of John M. Gamble (Rep.), elected John J. Jolly (Rep.) by about 4,000 majority, he beating J. M. Woods (Dem.) and H. W. Smith (Ind.).

In the 2d New York district Alfred C. Chapin (Dem.), ex-mayor of Brooklyn, was elected to the seat resigned by David A. Boody (Dem.), beating Henry Bristol (Rep.). In the Tenth New York district Bourke Cockran (Tammany Dem.) defeated James B. Townsend (Rep.) and John Houser (Social Labor). This seat was vacated by the death of Gen. Spinola.

The 12th New York district was the one represented by Roswell P. Flower. He resigned to run for governor and the candidates were William McMichael (Dem.), Joseph L. Little (Tammany-Dem.), David Davenny, (County-Dem.), and John J. Flick, (Social Labor.) Little was elected.

The Fat Prophet Interviewed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—When seen at his residence in Madison avenue, ex-President Grover Cleveland gave his opinions of the result of Tuesday's election as follows:

"Of course, every one has a right to put his own construction upon the result, and I am not trying to obtrude my ideas, but it seems to me something ought to be done to be no longer doubtful. Any man who still thinks that tariff reform is a settled and obsolete issue, or that the importance of

to me something ought to be done to be no longer doubtful. Any man who still thinks that tariff reform is a settled and obsolete issue, or that the importance of

sound and safe money is a question upon which the people can be blinded, is either wilfully wrong or dangerously dull. It seems to me, too, that Democrats ought to be satisfied that a staunch adherence to the principles of the party does not require the abuse of those who show an inclination to help us."

EATS DOG FLESH FOR CONSUMPTION

A Young Indiana Lady Makes Novel Use of Her Newfoundland Pup.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Nov. 7.—Miss Maggie Doniger, a winsome young lady, 18 years of age, began Thursday a most unique treatment for consumption, which may yet rival the famous Dr. Koch's lymph as a remedy for tuberculosis. For some time Maggie has been suffering from pulmonary affection. Finally, under the direction of her medical adviser, she has concluded to take a course of dietetic treatment, which is to consist exclusively of young dog flesh.

For this purpose a fat, healthy Newfoundland pup was killed and nicely dressed, and she began eating it. It is claimed that dog flesh in the course of assimilation is converted into a lymph of more than ordinary vitality, which, being absorbed by the blood corpuscles, supplants the decayed tissue and adds new strength and vigor to the patient. Whether this be true or not, Maggie proposes to test its efficiency.

The Cherokee Nation.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 5.—A dispatch from Tahlequah, I.T., says: The two branches of the Cherokee legislature have been in joint session since their organization, busily engaged in footing up the returns of the late elections. The result of the investigation proved that the Dowing candidate, Joel B. Mayes, was elected principal chief by 859 majority, and Henry Chambers, national candidate, assistant chief, by 75 majority.

Send 4c. for "Bell Shirt" pattern. Mrs. Flesher's Ladies' Tailor System taught by mail. Sent on 30 days' trial to any address. Flesher & Co., 30 East Fourteenth St., New York.

WASHINGTON.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Interesting Facts Contained in Secretary Rusk's Third Annual Report—Something About the Exportation of Meat.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Secretary Rusk, in his third annual report as secretary of Agriculture, says that notwithstanding the abundant yield of crops this year, values are well sustained, and estimates that the increase in the value of agricultural products over last year will be not less than $700,000,000. He states that during the first three months of the present fiscal year our exports in cereals alone aggregated $76,000,000, adding that the indications are now that the sales abroad of the surplus from our farms will, during the present year, largely exceed those of any previous year. He notes the increase by some $28,000,000 in the imports of agricultural products during the first ten months under the present law, by comparison during the same period during the last year of the old law, but emphasizes the fact that the increase is confined largely to articles not competing with home products, such as sugar, tea, coffee, etc. At the same time he states that the change in the rates has checked the importation of products which may be produced at home. He notes a decrease in tobacco from $17,000,000 to $6,000,000; a falling off in foreign barley of nearly three and a half millions; in eggs one and a quarter millions; in horses a falling off of nearly a million and a half and a gradual decline in the imports of all live stock.

Referring to the import of hides, admitted free of duty, he states that this causes a great depreciation in prices realized for hides of home production and earnestly recommends that the duty provided for in section 3 of the tariff act approved October 1, 1890, be imposed in all cases where the countries from which such hides are shipped have not granted equal concessions in regard to the admission of the agricultural products of the United States.

Meat for Exportation.

In speaking of the inspection of meat for exportation, the secretary says:

"Our people demand something more than protection from communicable disease. In most, if not all, European countries, inspectors, according to their reports, freely pass for consumption the meat of animals affected with foot and mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia, localized tuberculosis, actinomycosis and similar diseases which, according to the views and customs of this country, must be condemned. But all the meat for the foreign market is inspected the same as that designated for home consumption. In this, as in others, we have met the objections which have been raised to American products, and have not only removed the cause, but have gone beyond what was asked by our critics.

"Up to the first of October there has been a total of 1,106,614 animals inspected, both before and after slaughter; there were 63,672 carcasses of hogs examined microscopically, and the total number of animals condemned and sent to the fertilizing tanks was but 1,976. The cost of the work has been within the anticipated limit and is being considerably reduced as the work proceeds.

"I am of the opinion that the inspection of animals, and their marking for identification, may be accomplished for a sum not exceeding three cents per head and that the cost of microscopical examination of hogs will not exceed five cents per head."

He earnestly recommends that congress be asked to make an appropriation sufficiently large to extend the inspection to all applicants.

He estimates that the losses of our pork raisers during the past ten years, owing to the prohibition by foreign countries aggregate over $260,000,000. Pleuro-pneumonia he regards as quite under control and limited in territory to two or three counties on Long Island and in New Jersey, over which a thorough quarantine is exercised. Inspection.

He regards it as highly desirable that people of foreign countries should be informed of our resources and facilities for supplying their wants, and refers to the work done in Great Britain during the past year by the special agent of the department charged with introducing Indian corn and its products to the attention of Europeans as an economic and nutritious substitute for other cereal foods, and highly commends the work already done in this direction.

The secretary deems it the duty of his department to keep the farmer fully informed of the market value of his wares, in order that he may know before he markets his goods just what their value is.

The Production of Sorghum.

He congratulates the country upon the success of the experiments in the extraction of sugar from sorghum. "There seems to be no reason," he says, "why we should not look forward with confidence to the day when the $100,000,000 paid by Americans to foreign producers for sugar shall be turned into the pockets of our own people. In all our efforts conditions must play an important part in this connection."

BENEFITS OF RECIPROCITY.

A Large and Gratifying Increase in Shipments to Spanish Ports.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—As an evidence of the benefits that have already been realized from the operations of the Spanish reciprocity treaty, which went into effect only two months ago, the following statement has been received at the State department. It shows the increase of shipments made by the Ward line steamers from New York to Havana for the months of September and October last, as compared with those made during the corresponding months in 1890:

	1890.	1891.
Potatoes, bbls	29,934	56,317
Lard, tcs	11,543	15,545
Lard, firkins	181	1,205
Lard, casks	58,000	70,000
Lard, bbls	221	238
Bacon, cases	510	1,763
Hams, tcs	1,322	1,655
Hams, bbls	138	161
Hams, crates	65	97
Herrings, boxes	1,080	13,573
Onions, bbls	....	1,158
Cabbage, crates	143	405
Beans, bbls	1,322	3,576
Beans, bags	....	258
Rice, tcs	353	971
Peas, bbls	....	254
Oats, bags	150	1,091
Bran, bags	....	864
Peas, bbls	416	925
Pork, bbls	207	383
Grapes, bbls	....	140
Apples, bbls	768	7,500

The steamship company reports that since the treaty went into effect they have had to charter three extra steamers besides their regular sailings, and that every ship, without exception, has gone out full. The shipments of machinery for the manufacture of sugar have been greater than ever before. They report that the local provision merchant of Havana intimates that when the treaty provision in the Dingley bill of one hour takes place, January 1 next, the requirements there for hams alone will reach 1,000,000 barrels per annum, or double the present consumption. Judging from present indications, the company anticipates that when the treaty is fully in force they will have to increase the number of their sailing vessels, or largely increase the capacity of their ships.

SECRETARY TRACY IS COMMENDED.

Important Communication From the National Civil Service Reform League.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—Secretary Tracy has received the following communication:

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1891.
National Civil Service Reform League.

SIR:—We were directed by the National Civil Service Reform League, at its late annual meeting in Buffalo, respectfully to transmit to you a copy of the enclosed resolution adopted by the League.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE WM. CURTIS, President.
WM. POTTS, Secretary.

The league declares its high appreciation of the great and patriotic services rendered to the country and to the interests of reform by the secretary of the Navy in his prompt, comprehensive and thorough application of sound principles of administration in the selection, both of skilled and unskilled employes, in the national navy yards, which have been hitherto scenes of the most excesses of the spoils system. The league trusts that this great measure of reform will be secure permanently by an executive order which alone can make it a part of the general system under the law administered by the national Civil Service commission.

OUR MANUFACTURERS.

Heretofore They Haven't Placed Their Goods in Foreign Markets in a Satisfactory Shape—New Plan Devised.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—(Special.)—If there has at any time existed any doubt that the administration is going at the practical operation of commercial reciprocity and the general extension of our markets abroad, it will soon be dispelled when the present work of the State department becomes known.

There appears to be but one thing in the way of the successful introduction of our manufactures and farm products in Latin-American countries, and that is the unwieldly, and therefore unsatisfactory manner in which we put up our goods. Most of our manufacturers do not produce the styles or forms desired by the people in South or Central America, or should they produce just what is wanted, they do not put it up in the proper form. It appears that the enterprising individual in England, France, Germany and Belgium has sent agents into the counties south of us, found out what is wanted, and in what shape it should be put up for transportation, on mulelback or otherwise, over the mountains of Central and South America, and they are doing the business at present.

Realizing that the federal government should take the initiative in the introduction of our products in South and Central America, the proposition is being seriously considered of sending agents there, and also to England, France, Germany and Belgium, for the purpose of first ascertaining just what is wanted and in what form it should be shipped; of talking to the wholesale and retail merchants and the consumers, and learning all that is necessary to get orders for our surplus. And to get from the manufacturers in the old countries named samples of the goods they produce for shipment to South and Central America. These are to be sent to this country and placed on exhibition at a point most convenient to producers, and have them presided over by the agents who visited the countries and who can tell the produces with whom to correspond to get orders. This is getting right at the practical point in the whole business. It means that common sense part of the business which business men themselves would give time and money to have.

The first important thing for us to know is, what do these people require, and what will they take from us? This, it is believed, can only be established or answered by an actual canvass of their wants and a sample of what they take from other nations than our own. We must be prepared to furnish what they want and just as they want it, quality, measurement and package to suit the convenience of their trade. That we can do this there is not the slightest doubt, and the only way to do it is to meet their requirements, which can only be done by studying their customs and needs, and their prejudices. We must take the desirable pattern and style of dress goods and other fabrics for wearing appeal; boots, shoes, gentlemen's furnishing goods, millinery, hosiery, underware, etc., and to this we must have a specimen or sample of the article which they now consume. The styles and measurements and patterns differ materially from our own, and the great trouble has been that our manufacturers have not known just what to make, and our merchants have endeavored to force upon South and Central America our own style of goods.

It has been ascertained that our merchants, in a majority of instances, have had our goods refused in the new markets, not because of their quality or prices, but because they were not the desired styles, and were not put into the proper form for convenient shipment or sale.

At first it was suggested that circular letters from Secretary Blaine, directing or demanding that the consuls from this country in the various parts of Europe to seek the desired information and procure the proper samples, would be sufficient, and the secretary has sent out such instructions, making them explicit, and the instructions for immediate and effective work strong, and now it is believed that special agents would do the work quicker and better. It seems that our consuls consider instructions of this character as the duty of every citizen of our country, and it has been the experience of the state department as well as individuals that that which is everybody's is nobody's business. In any event the conditions of the markets and the samples of goods that can be sold abroad are to be procured and placed at the disposal of our producers, together with a true verbal statement of the conditions of the markets and an ascertainment of what kind of a reciprocal exchange is possible. This is getting reciprocity down to a practical basis in a hurry.

Secretary Tracy has approved the finding of the court of inquiry in regard to the loss of the Despatch. The conclusion was that no one attached to the vessel was to blame for the disaster.

WELL PLEASED.

President Harrison Looks Upon the Ohio Result as Popular Evidence in the Republican Position.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5.—(Special.)—President Harrison is well satisfied with the result. While he denies himself to interviewers it is known that he looks upon the result as evidence that people sustain Republican doctrines generally and clearly.

Republicans generally express themselves well satisfied with the result in Ohio. Where the fight was made squarely on the tariff issue the result was favorable to Republicans, and in states where Democratic candidates were elected the fight was largely on local issues. Secretary of the Treasury Foster put it truly when he said, "I am pleased with the gains we have made in all directions in Ohio. We have the governor and the legislature. Pennsylvania gives the largest majority since the presidential election. In Massachusetts we have everything except governor, and in Michigan we gain a congressman. There is victory all along the line except in New York. I do not yet know why we did not win there.

One most strongly marked feature of the result is the complete disappearance of the Farmers' Alliance. It does not seem to have cut any figure even in Ohio, where it made its hardest fight. It looks very much as though the Alliance was out of politics, and that it will disappear as a factor in the national problem before next year.

SIX SEATS WILL BE CONTESTED.

Notices of an Intention to Contest Filed With the House Clerk.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Notices of intention to contest the right to the seats of six members-elect to the House of Representatives in the Fifty-second Congress have been filed with the clerk of the House. They are as follows:

Henry T. Noyes vs. Hosea H. Rockwell, from the Twenty-eighth New York district; John B. Reynolds vs. Geo. W. Shouk, from the Twelfth Pennsylvania district; Thomas R. Greevy vs. Edward Gull, from the Twentieth Pennsylvania district; Alexander K. Craig vs. Andrew Stewart, from Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania district; Thos. E. Miller vs. Wm. Elliott, from the Seventh South Carolina district, and Jno. V. McDuffie vs. Louis W. Turpin, from the Fourth Alabama district. In the Pennsylvania cases, the contestees were elected as Republicans, while in the other cases the contestees were elected as Democrats. In the last House of Representatives there were seventeen contested election cases before the committee on elections.

REPORT OF SECRETARY FOSTER.

Conferences with the Heads of Departments in Regard to its Preparation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Secretary Foster has begun the preparation of his annual report to Congress in regard to the national finances, and is having daily conferences with the heads of the different bureaus of the department on that subject looking to the prompt compilation of the necessary material.

The comptroller of the currency, the director of mint and the United States treasurer have been called upon to give a general outline of the condition and needs of the services directly under their supervision, with a view to a simplification and improvement in the administration of the local affairs of the government. The secretary and Comptroller Lacy also had a special conference in regard to the failure of the Keystone and Spring Garden banks of Philadelphia, and the Maverick National bank of Boston. Assistant Secretary Spaulding will continue to act as secretary until Mr. Foster shall have completed his report.

Secretary Halford Resumes His Duties.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—E. W. Halford, the President's private secretary, who has been ill for several weeks, resumed his official duties at the white house this morning. He is improved in health, but is still somewhat weak.

A Michigan Man Honored.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—The President to-day appointed Fenton R. McCreery, of Michigan, to be secretary of legation at Santiago, Chile.

It is reported in London that Russia will soon impose a heavy export tax on wheat.

Ex-President Hayes delivered a patriotic address at the Augusta Exposition on Saturday.

Explorer A. J. Glave has returned from Alaska, where he has been for the past seven years. His party discovered the source of the Alaska river, and also a valuable copper mine.

The naval expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, were as follows: Appropriations and balances, $47,733,189; amount drawn out by warrant, $27,006,015; balance in hand June 30, 1891, $19,999,143; amount expended by vouchers, $28,580,043; amount carried to the surplus fund, $850,727.

GENERAL NEWS.

BRITISH LIARS EXPOSED.

The Officers of the Baltimore Didn't Act as Spies on the Congressionalists.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—A private letter received in Chicago from Benjamin W. Wells, one of the officers of the United States steamer Baltimore, by his father, thoroughly explodes the assertions of British naval officers that the Baltimore acted as a spy on the Chilean insurgents when the latter made their famous landing at Quinteros. The officers of H. M. S. Champion, declare that when the landing took place the Champion was laying alongside the Baltimore at Valparaiso and that the Baltimore steamer around the point to Quinteros, watched the entire debarkation of the congressionalists and then deliberately returned to the government wharf at Valparaiso, reporting the information gained to the officials hostile to the junta.

The extract shows conclusively that the Baltimore, so far from being alongside the Champion the day of the Quinteros landing, was not at Valparaiso or near Quinteros at all, but at Coquimbo. The Baltimore, Mr. Wells says, did not leave Coquimbo until after midnight, and news of the landing had reached him at breakfast. It was not until sunset of the following evening that the Baltimore came to anchor in Valparaiso harbor, the first thing attracting attention being the insurgent warships Abreo and Magellanes with flags flying at all their masts in celebration of the insurgent success in the first day's fight.

ADMONITION FROM GEN. PALMER.

Veterans Cautioned Against Participating in Certain Demonstrations.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Gen. Palmer, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued an important order. He says the attention of the commander-in-chief has been called to the fact that comrades, wearing the badge and uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, participated in a recent demonstration where the confederate flag was carried and displayed.

In referring to this fact Gen. Palmer says: "We cannot afford to lose sight of the valor that achieved victory or the right. We can never forget what the contest cost us in blood and treasure. We must not forget that loyalty to country is not a mere sentiment, but that it requires a devotion to principle, and that principle means that the flag which every soldier stood ready to defend with his life must now be saluted with honor.

"A comrade wearing the badge or uniform of the order participating in any demonstration where the rebel flag is displayed violates his obligation "to maintain true allegiance to the United States of America; to honor its constitution; to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incite treason or rebellion, and encourage universal liberty and justice to all mankind, and brings disgrace upon the order of which he is a member. Do you propose to surrender what you fought for, and what your comrades, who sleep in heroic graves, died for? As the stars are fixed in the skies, so your patriotism is fixed and immoveable, to preserve the memories and fruits of that great struggle.

"With these words of admonition, I have sufficient confidence in your honor and fidelity to the principles of the order to feel that there will be no further participation in any demonstration or parade where the emblem of treason is carried or displayed.

"Let the cause which triumphed in the war be maintained in the completeness of its victory and the fullness of its significance."

TO COLONIZE GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

A Big Land Syndicate Will Utilize Them to Raise Barley.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 7.—The Edgemore land syndicate, known as the barley syndicate of Chicago, has succeeded in securing 250,000 acres of land in North Dakota, on which it is proposed to place German farmers to raise barley for malt purposes. These lands have been purchased in Nelson, Norman, Towner, Steel and Sottineau counties. These emigrants will not be tenants but owners of the land, it being sold to them on easy crops. The crops will be bought by the company and shipped to all points where there is demand for barley for brewing purposes.

Petition by Cherokee Indians.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Nov. 4.—The filing of a petition in equity for a number of Cherokee Indians, asking the partition and allotment in severalty of nearly 14,000,000 acres of land of the Cherokee Indians is creating quite a stir among the Indians of the civilized tribes. It is thought to be the largest land suit ever instituted in America.

MINERS DISTURBED

By the Probability That the Released Convicts in Tennessee will be Returned to Work.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 9.—To-day is the day set by the miners for a strike if the operators do not grant their demand for check-weighmen.

The operators are backward about talking, but as far as can be learned some three companies have granted the demand. In the stipulations, however, the operators here won, as it is specified that if a car is overloaded and broken down in the mine the miners must clear it away at their own expense. Further than this, the miners are also docked pound for pound for all slate or dirt loaded on a mine car. This has heretofore gone as so much coal.

Yesterday the word reached Coal Creek in the papers that the convicts were to be returned. The miners have been seriously considering the situation. Some of the rash ones threaten dire things if they are brought back. Others say that they cannot fight the state, and will wait until the troops or guards are withdrawn to again release the convicts. Intimations that the leaders are to be prosecuted and punished caused something of a sensation, though some of the bolder spirits defy the state to do so. Ingraham, who was one of the leaders in the recent movements, was a soldier in the Federal army. He boasted much of his aid in putting down the rebellion. He is now being "gouged" for being a rebel himself. He and all other leaders retain this defiant spirit. President Renfroe, of the Cumberland Mining company at Oliver Springs, says their company will not work convicts unless they can be protected by the state.

THEY ARE AIMING AT SALOONS.

Decatur, Ill., Ministers and the W. C. T. U. Working Together.

DECATUR, Ill., Nov. 4.—The Decatur ministers and the Women's Christian Temperance Union have joined in a union non-partisan and non-sectarian warfare against the liquor evil, and until the spring election temperance meetings will be held each week, addressed by men who will seek to get signers to the pledge. Over 150 signers were secured Sunday afternoon.

In 1877 a similar moral suasion plan was adopted in Decatur and the following year a temperance mayor was elected. Now there is not a temperance alderman in the council and there are 48 saloons.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refresh

FOREIGN NEWS.

CALCUTTA CYCLONE.

An Immense Amount of Damage Done and Large Numbers of People Killed by the Flying Debris.

CALCUTTA, Nov. 10.—As further details regarding the cyclone which passed over this part of india on Monday of last are received, it is seen that the damage done is very extensive. Besides the loss of 77 lives occasioned by the sinking of the Indian government steamer Enterprise, and the killing of 60 convicts, there no doubt has been large loss of life at other places along the coast. Advices from various parts of Orissa, a province of India in Bengal, state that the cyclone passed over that section of the country and did great damage. The eastern part of the province lies along the shores of the Bay of Bengal, and this section was therefore exposed to the full fury of the gale, which seemed to gather force as it swept across the bay. The cyclone cleared a path through the forests, uprooting gigantic trees and hurling them aside as though they were reeds. No house could withstand the terrible energy of the gale, and every dwelling or other structure in its path was either swept from its foundations or litterally picked up, turned over and deposited at some distance from the place where it had originally stood.

The wind also did much damage in the vicinity of Calcutta, or at least below that city. As is well known, Calcutta is the seat of an immense trade by sea and river, being the natural outlet for the great valleys of the Ganges and the Bramahpootra. The city is situated on the east bank of the Hoogly river, the western most branch of the Ganges. The Hoogly river empties into the bay of Bengal through a number of months, the delta being ten miles across. A large number of vessels were at anchor off the months of the river, some waiting for an opportunity to ascend, while others were awaiting a fair wind to put to sea. These vessels were in such a position that when the gale suddenly burst, it was impossible to save many of them. Numbers dragged their anchors, and were carried ashore, while others, more fortunate in their holding ground, were damaged by the pounding they received by the enormous seas which accompanied the storm. No estimate can as yet be made of the total loss of life, but from all the details received, it is known positively that the number drowned or killed by falling trees or flying debris is very large.

THE ELECTION IN CHILE.

Admiral Jorge Montt Chosen President for Five Years by the Liberal Electors.

VALPARAISO, Nov. 5.—As was formerly announced in these dispatches, the Liberal party won a sweeping victory in the recent elections, and this fact made the election of a Liberal president a foregone conclusion. The constitution of Chile provides that the electors chosen by the people shall meet and elect a president. In accordance with the provisions of this section of the constitution, the liberal presidential electors met yesterday and elected as president of the republic, for the next five years, Admiral Jorge Montt. The inaugural ceremonies will take place at the capital, Santiago de Chile, on December 26.

It is stated that the election of Admiral Montt is not only approved by the entire Liberal party, but that the leading members of the other parties acquiesce in the selection, believing that it will tend to consolidate the best interests of the country. It is further believed that with the institution of a constitutional government the questions now at issue between Chile and the United States will be more calmly discussed, and that the outcome will be satisfactory to both nations.

Admiral Montt was a most pronounced opponent of the late President Balmaceda, and upon the breaking out of the revolution he took command of the Congressional fleet. It was owing in a great measure to his action that many other naval officers deserted Balmaceda and joined the revolutionists.

The president-elect is extremely popular with all classes and his election is hailed with much satisfaction on all sides.

ENGAGEMENTS AMONG ROYALTY.

Prince George of Wales and His Sister Have Both Been Betrothed.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The rumors current for some time that one of the daughters of the prince of Wales was about to marry Viscount Chelsea, heir of Earl Cardogan, lord privy seal, are now revived and strengthened by the additional report that Prince George of Wales is betrothed to the earl's eldest daughter, Julia. Both the duke of Clarence and Prince George are at present the guests of Earl Cardogan, and attended with the family of their host the county ball at Bury St. Edmunds to-night. The attentions of Prince George to the lady with whose name his is now coupled have been very marked of late.

The jubilee programme on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Prince of Wales' birth, November 9, includes tenants' and county balls, which the prince will attend.

Much comment is caused by the assured absence of the Princess of Wales from the celebration of the prince's fiftieth birth-day, to be celebrated next Monday. The princess is with the czar and czarina, in Livadia, and could not be back in time it she desired.

PRINCE BISMARCK AGAIN MUZZLED.

The Kaiser Warns Him That He Must Not Publish State Secrets.

BERLIN, Nov. 7.—It is reported that the kaiser has caused Bismarck to be notified that any attempt to reveal facts or documents connected with affairs of state during his ministry will be followed by prompt and earnest prosecution. This warning has been given in view of the current statements that Bismarck intends in the reichstag to present certain evidence as to the causes of his dismissal from the chancellorship. Bismarck is said to have received the admonition with very ill grace. All his valuable papers, save those of a strictly family nature, are in London. He retains copies of some of them, however, and it is these copies he proposed to urs in the reichstag.

WILL SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE.

Philanthropic Measure by the British East Africa Company.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The British East Africa company have wired to their agent at Zanzibar to send special couriers to the interior with instructions to Capt. Lugard to hold his ground and fight the slave traders. The company have decided not to abandon Uganda, as from all accounts the region is of immense value and can be made a place of practical settlement for Europeans. Since the great Exeter Hall anti-slavery meeting £4 000 has been subscribed for the suppression of slave-dealing, making a total of £37,000. The friends of American missions are working so energetically that it is probable the fund will reach $250,000 before Christmas.

The Parnellite Candidate Defeated.

CORK, Nov. 7.—Martin Flavin, the McCarthyite candidate for the seat in parliament for Cork city, left vacant by the death of Parnell, has been elected by a plurality of 3,342 votes over the Parnellite candidate, John E. Redmond. The result of the count is as follows: Flavin, 3,609; Redmond, 2,157; Sarsfield (Unionist), 1,161. At the last election for Cork city Mr. Parnell was elected with Mr. Maurice Healy, who also represents Cork city, without opposition.

To Test Smokeless Powder.

QUEBEC, Nov. 5.—Capt. Jocelyn Thompson, R. A., has arrived here from London. He has been sent by the war office to Canada, where he will remain three months during the winter to make a climatic trial of the new cordite smokeless powder. He has brought out for the purpose of this trial one of the most modern 12-pound breech-loading field guns, with stores complete.

A Tangier dispatch to the London *Times* says a plot has been discovered to place the sultan's favorite brother, Muley Ismail, on the throne.

Strongest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

TROUBLE IN BRAZIL.

A Cablegram Says Congress Has Been Dissolved, Martial Law Proclaimed and a Dictatorship Established.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—A dispatch which has been received here from Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, brings news of what seems to be little less than an other revolution.

Fuller dispatches regarding the revolution are anxiously awaited here by financiers and merchants who have large interests at stake in that country. Hope is expressed that the alarming report received may not turn out to be based upon as serious state of affairs as at present outlined.

It is recalled that early in October and again about the middle of October, similar reports were circulated regarding the condition of Brazil. An investigation of these rumors resulted in an official statement to the effect that perfect order prevailed everywhere and that the financial condition of the country was never better. It was so asserted at that time that it was expected that a surplus amounting to $15,000,000 would be shown by the budget of 1892. Marshal Deodora de Fonseca, at that period, was announced to have entirely recovered from the illness he had been suffering from for some time.

That there were disturbances of a serious nature at Rio Janeiro early in October, were not entirely denied, but it was said that they were of a purely local character. They broke out during the night of October 8 at the Italian theatre, and the trouble soon spread to adjacent streets. The police arrested many of the rioters, but being outnumbered, were compelled to call upon the troops for protection.

Quietness Reigns.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 7.—All is quiet to-day, and the state of siege is not rigorously enforced. Business is proceeding as usual. Similar reports are received from the provinces. President da Fonseca's illness alone constitutes a source of danger.

Deodoro da Fonseca is the son of a a wealthy Portugnese gentleman who removed from Portugal many years ago and settled on a large estate in Brazil. He and his two brothers received a military education, and at the end of the war with Paraguay, which was in the year 1870, Deodora had earned rank and

PRESIDENT DA FONSECA.

distinction by his military skill and valor. From that time until December, 1889, he served in the army with increasing rank and influence. At the last date mentioned, Gen. de Fonseca succeeded as leader in the revolution which made Brazil a republic. In 1892 he founded the Military Club in Rio de Janeiro from which was developed the movement that overturned the empire. The Emperor Dom Pedro was warned of the danger he ran in permitting the continuance of the club, but he refused to interfere with it. President de Fonseca is about 58 years old.

PARNELL'S EMPLOYES DISMISSED.

The Saw Mills and the Arklow Quarries Are to be Sold.

DUBLIN, Nov. 5.—All the employes of the late Charles Stewart Parnell on his Avondale estate, have been dismissed, and the saw mills and the Arklow quarries, which also belonged to Mr. Parnell, are to be sold. Only the family mansion will be retained.

Mrs. Parnell, widow of the dead leader, was reported yesterday evening to be dying, but this morning Henry Harrison, member of parliament for the middle division of Tipperary, telegraphs that the report as to Mrs. Parnell's being in a dying condition is untrue. He adds that though she is still prostrated with sickness and grief, there is every hope that she will recover.

ARE IN FAVOR OF ANNEXATION.

Pronounced Speech Made by an ex-Member of the Canadian Parliament.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—A special dispatch from Woodslee, Ont., says: A meeting was held here last night, under the auspices of the Continental Union club, and was largely attended. Sol. White, ex-member of parliament, the chief orator, delivered the most straight-forward annexation address of the series of meetings which has been held to propagate the principles of the organization. Warden Boutellier was most emphatic in his opinion as to the benefit Canada would derive should the club succeed in its undertaking. The meeting was most enthusiastic and a branch of the club with a larger charter membership was formed.

FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST.

A dispatch from Rome says the health of the Pope continues to improve.

The British oil steamer Lux, with a cargo of petroleum, has been burned at sea.

France has decided to abolish the duties now levied against Italian products.

The government has fully discussed the military system of Holland and has decided strongly in favor of compulsory service.

The Hungarian treasury has accumulated the sum of 50,000,000 florins in gold in order to re-establish the currency of that country.

In a religious riot at Mazandaran, Persia, a mob set fire to the house of General Saadal Geoly Khan, who was killed, with 20 dependents.

According to the latest estimate, 6,500 people were killed, 9,000 injured, and 75,000 houses destroyed by the recent earthquake in Japan.

Baron Fava, Italian minister to the United States, who has been absent from his post of duty on leave for some time, owing to the controversy which arose between the Italian and United States governments on account of the New Orleans riot, has been promoted to the rank of plenipotentiary of the first class.

The customs committee of the chamber of deputies has agreed upon the duty, already determined upon by the Senate, of 25 francs per 220 pounds on American salt meats imported into France. The report of the committee agreeing to the rate of duty fixed by the senate will be presented to the chamber of deputies on Saturday next.

The directors of several of the private banks met at the Imperial bank in St. Petersburg yesterday in order to discuss the financial position. A note was afterward issued, with the approval of the meeting, denying rumors circulated to the effect that the Imperial bank had suspended paying advances on interest-bearing securities, and declaring that the advances will continue to be paid as in the past.

There was another serious fight at midnight last night between the Parnellites and the McCarthyites at Cork. During the battle many people were injured and are now being treated at the hospital. William O'Brien, M. P., Thomas Condon, U. P., and John Gilhooly, M. P., were among the injured. All three of the gentlemen mentioned were hit by stones hurled at them by the Parnellites.

The London *Chronicle's* Paris correspondent says: "The pope prepared his religious will in October. It is written in Latin. The pope disclaims any personal inclinations as to the choice of his successor. He dwells upon the nobility of labor, as exampli-fied in the carpenter's house in Nazareth. The pope's temporal will is being drafted by four cardinals in secret. All the pope's property is invested in England."

GENERAL NEWS.

CROWDED WITH LEGAL LUMINARIES.

A Celebrated Case Comes Up in the U. S. Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—The United States Supreme court chamber was crowded, this morning, with distinguished members of the bar present to hear arguments in the celebrated case of Thomas Henry Cooper against the judge of the United States court for the District of Alaska, better known as the Sayward Bering sea sealers case. Secretary Bayard, and ex-Attorney General Garland, ex-Senator Edmunds, Senator Mitchell, of Oregon; Representative Springer, of Illinois, and others were present, besides Attorney-General Miller, Solicitor-General Taft, Joseph H. Choate, of New York, and others, who will take part in the argument.

Justice Bradley was not present, but the court will go on with the hearing of the case whether he be present or not. Justice Bradley has been in feeble health for several months past, and though no specific ailment is known to exist, his age makes it a matter of uncertainty as to when he will resume his place on the bench. The court will therefore hear this and other important cases advanced on docket for argument and Justice Bradley will take part in the hearing of such of them as his health will permit and the others will go without him. The Sayward case will come up about two o'clock. The principal contentions of the United States government and of counsel nominally for Cooper, but really for Great Britain, were published at the time of the filing of the briefs.

IT WAS CAUSED BY SPECULATION.

The Banks Funds Freely Used on the Stock Market.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—The *Journal* says: "There is nothing in the affairs of the Maverick National bank of which the clearing house committee of the Boston associated banks has not been fully advised. The committee has guarded every point. It arranged that T. P. Beale should be the receiver for well considered reasons. The facts regarding the loans of the bank have been in possession of the comptroller of the currency since last January, and it is now intimated that another comptroller is likely to be appointed before long.

"The general loan account outside of the $2,400,000 due from directors and the Evans losses is good and shows good judgment and careful banking. The directors' loans have still considerable collateral behind them. Speculation is the one word that explains all—speculation in stocks and grain, with the Maverick bank funds backing the deals. The first great speculation of the Maverick bank was by Messrs. French and Potter in New York & New England. It was successful from a pecuniary point of view, but in that success lay concealed the ultimate ruin of the bank. In the New York & New England mystery deal the bank's funds were used to a startling degree, and the system of operations then begun culminated in the ruin of the bank and all its directors.

"Although the Maverick has been known as a speculative bank, no one outside of Mr. Evans and the bank directors could have imagined the extent of the speculations. It is now not to be wondered at that when the death of Irving A. Evans was announced that President Potter, in the director's room, should have physically collapsed; but it is a wonder in the light of present revelations, that he should for so many days, have patched up affairs and 'stayed' the current. The Boston banks brought over Monday night many millions of their reserve held in New York and are in a stronger financial position than they have been in a long time. Money will rule very easy on approved collateral."

Director French Jailed.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—Hon. Jonas H. French, director of the Maverick bank, has been unable to procure securities in $75,000 satisfactory to the United States commissioner, and this afternoon United States District Attorney Allen ordered his commitment to jail.

Will not Sign the Agreement.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—The Washington National bank will not sign the agreement of the Boston banks to assess themselves 3 per cent of their loans to relieve the depositors of the Maverick bank. The other banks will probably all sign. There is a diversity of opinion among bankers as to the practical working of the plan.

Cash in the Vaults.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—Examiner Ewer reports that there is now $2,500,000 in cash in the Maverick bank vaults and collections still coming in. Much of the paper in the assets will prove available and marketable.

INVENTION OF A COTTON PICKER.

It Promises to Revolutionize the Cotton Industry in the South.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 7.—What promises to be one of the greatest inventions of modern times is the Wallis-Lispenard cotton picker, that has just been exhibited in a cotton field near this city. For some time there have been rumors floating around relative to the perfection of the cotton picker. Thursday hundreds of cotton growers from different parts of the South were at Piedmondt exhibition and witnessed a public test of the machine. Its workings were, from a mechanical standpoint, perfect, and the picker performed its work in a satisfactory manner. Great interest is manifested by the people here and cotton growers everywhere are fondly looking for the realization of their dreams. From present indications it is thought that the next year's crop of cotton will be picked to a great extent by cotton pickers.

VERMONT'S EX-GOVERNOR DEAD.

J. Gregory Smith Dies at St. Albans of Heart Failure.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., Nov. 7.—Ex-Governor J. Gregory Smith, president of the Vermont Central railroad, died last night of heart failure. Last February Governor Smith contracted a severe cold, and had been in failing health ever since. He was speaker of the Vermont House in 1861 and 1862, and was chairman of the state delegation to the national Republican convention in 1872, 1880 and 1884. He was prominently interested in several local business enterprises and was president of the Weldon National bank, the People's Trust company and the Franklin County Creamery Association. As governor of the state during the dark days of the rebellion he was staunch and true to the best interests of the nation and most loyal and friendly to the Vermonters who rallied at the call of the President. He leaves five children.

MONTEZUMA'S LOST MINES FOUND.

They Are Said to Have Been Rediscovered By Texas Prospectors.

LLANO, Tex., Nov. 7.—A great gold find has just been made near this place on the property of Wiley, Conver & Gage, who have been prospecting for the precious metal for several months. The present discovery is believed to be the same vein which Spanish history records as having been worked about two centuries ago by Spaniards, who were driven away by the Indians.

Tradition gives this lost mine fabulous wealth, and, as there are signs of diggings, many believe they have discovered the historical bonanza.

National Farmers' Congress.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 10.—A special from Sedalia, Mo., says: All the preparations for the convention of the National Farmers' Congress, which will convene in this city, to-day, for a three-days' session, are completed. About 400 delegates are expected to be in attendance. Many are already here. The address of welcome will be delivered by Governor Francis, and responded to by President Kolb, of Montgomery, Ala. Wednesday evening a parade will be had.

OHIO'S WESTERN LINE.

A Strip Containing 1,200 Square Miles Now Lying in Indiana Should be Within the Ohio Line.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 6.—During the last two months a survey party sent out by the national government has been at work locating the boundary line between Ohio and Indiana, which has been in dispute for some time. The work, under Prof. Mendenhall, has been completed and the survey party has its report ready for submission. The facts found by the surveyors are, as heretofore alleged, that the true line as declared when Ohio was organized into a state commences twelve miles west of the present boundary line at the north and runs directly south to the present line between Ohio and Indiana, thus making a strip 200 miles long and of an averdge width of six miles—1,200 square miles—to which the state of Ohio lays claim. The strip described includes the cities of Fort Wayne, Richmond and Union City and has a population altogether of about 200,000.

An inquiry into the causes that led to the juggling of these boundary lines disclosed that at the time Ohio was made a state there were post traders located at Richmond and Fort Wayne, whose trade with the Indians was very profitable. If the line had been run correctly these posts would have been taken into the new state of Ohio and the occupation of these traders would have been gone. The post traders, it is said, bribed the survey party which located the line, and Richmond and Fort Wayne were left on the Indiana side.

The question is a very important one, and a complicated one, for should Ohio's claims on Indiana be enforced, Indiana would, on the same grounds, have cause of action against Illinois.

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

He Takes a Deep Interest in the Progress of the South.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 4.—The Augusta exposition recently sent President Harrison a copy of the resolutions adopted at a mass meeting on the return of the exposition delegation from the East and Washington. An invitation was extended the President to attend the exposition. The following letter acknowledging the receipt of the resolutions shows his interest in the prosperity of the entire South:

Hon. Patrick Walsh, Augusta, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR.—I beg to assure you that I appreciate very highly the engrossed resolutions of the meeting held in Augusta on September 21, which have just been received. I am sure that you will not doubt that it would give me pleasure to attend your exposition, but I am very busy and take up the work of another winter without much rest during the year, for while I was in the seashore the daily work of the departments came to my desks precisely as if I had been here. Every such journey as you propose involves a nervous strain which can only be appreciated by those who have had much of that sort of thing to do. It is not probable, therefore, as I said to you when here, that I can further witness my interest in the success of the Augusta exposition by a visit to it. I should be glad to have from you any reports or information that will enable me to enlarge my knowledge of the industrial progress of the South.

Very sincerely yours,
BENJ. HARRISON.

THE ITATA CASE SETTLED AT LAST.

Judge Ross Instructs the Jury to Acquit the Defendants.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 4.—Judge Ross, of the United States District court, yesterday granted the motion of the defendants to instruct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty in the case of the United States against George A. Bart and Pecendo Trumbull, who have been on trial here for a week, charged with fitting out the Chilean steamer Itata with arms to cruise against the government of Chile.

The court grants the motion on two points: First, that the indictment is defective, being formed under the neutrality laws in not stating that a state of war existed in Chile and that the defendants were belligerants and had beenrecognized as such; second, the charges would not hold because the statute contemplated a state of war, also that a vessel coming to the United States to get arms and carrying them peaceably away was not fitting out any expedition that had already been set on foot in Chile and was being conducted from there and not from the United States. This decision will also result in the dismissing of the cases against the vessel and her arms.

UNEARTHING ANOTHER SWINDLE.

The Promoters of a Big Town-Site Swindling Concern Arrested.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—A special dispatch from Wichita, Kan., says: President R. E. Dowell and Secretary L. A. Osborne, of the Cherokee Land and Town-site company, were arrested at Ponca, I. T., yesterday by United States troops. The charge was illegal entry into the Indian country, but the real intent is the expose of what is alleged to be one of the most rotten town-site bubbles ever conceived. Dowell is said to have an office on La Salle street, Chicago, whence have been issued hundreds of thousands of circulars of the Cherokee Land and Town Site company, drawing attention to the alleged future capital of the Cherokee strip, named Cherokee City. Thousands of lots have been sold to prospective inhabitants of the sanguinary town site at the rate of $2 each.

The promoters of the scheme, Dowell and Osborne, will be handed over to the United States marshal, and it is expected will be prosecuted for fraudulent use of the mails and getting money under false pretenses.

A SUPPOSED ELECTRICAL WELL.

Discovery of an Extraordinary Hole in the Earth Near Red Wing, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 6.—Charles J. Hollywell, who owns a farm near Red Wing, claims to have discovered what may pe called an electrical well. Some weeks ago he employed two professional well-diggers to drill a well. They had gone about 150 feet when they lost their drill rods and a diamond drill. The whole business had dropped to nowhere in an instant. There was quite a force of air coming out of the hole, and the men said there was no use going any further, because there wasn't any bottom.

They concluded to fish for the rods and drill, but as soon as the rods were dropped into the hole they began to shiver in a queer way. One of the men took hold of the bar with a pair of leather gloves, and he was knocked down. Then Hollywell touched the rope and got a shock because it was wet. There seems to be a perfect natural storehouse of electricity. It is generated in some way in that pocket where the drills went, and there is enough of it to execute a whole country under the New York law.

A Sunday Horror.

NATICOKE, Pa., Nov. 9.—The usual quiet Sunday of this mining village was disturbed about 4:30 yesterday afternoon by the announcement that a terrible explosion of gas had occurred in No. 1 shaft of the Susquehanna Coal company, by which 14 had been killed and others terribly injured.

The accident was caused by the explosion of a safety lamp, the flames of which ignighted the gas. The existence of this element had become known, and the safety lamp, which is generally used safely in the presence of gas, was being used by the men during their operations. The mine, which is one of the best operated by the Susquehanna Coal Co., is not seriously damaged.

Fonseca Again Defied.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—7 p. m.—A dispatch just received here from Pernambuco, says that the province of Graopana has declared its independence of the Brazilian republic, and that the province of Bahia is expected also to throw off the yoke of allegiance to the republic. This action is due to dissatisfaction at the assumption of dictatorial powers by President Fonseca.

Work on the Men-of-War.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Work on the men-of-war which are getting ready for sea at the Brooklyn navy yard is progressing rapidly and it is thought the Atlanta, Bennington and Concord will be in readiness by Saturday week.

The Big Bridge Losing Money.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—In the month of October the Brooklyn bridge was operated at a loss of $75,155. Expenses, $181,848.

DR. BRIGGS DISCHARGED.

The New York Presbytery Dismisses the Charges of Heresy by a Vote of 94 to 49.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The trial of Dr. Briggs for alleged heresy came to a sudden end last night, in a manner entirely unexpected.

After the presbytery had formally assembled, Dr. Van Dyke moved to dismiss the case against Dr. Briggs and dismiss the committee. The motion was received with laughter.

Rev. James McIlvain made a strong argument in support of Dr. Briggs's objection that the charges were not specific and were not substantiated by facts, and therefore for the dismissal of the charges.

For the purpose of making a forma record Rev. J. Ford Sutton moved an amendment, adding the words to Dr. Van Dyke's motion that the charges be dismissed "in consideration of Dr. Briggs's answer."

A general discussion followed, during which this extract from a letter written by Samuel T. Hamilton was read: "I have learned more of the height and depth, the length and breadth of the word of God from Dr. Briggs than from all other men together."

Rev. David Wylie offered a further amendment to the effect that the charges be dismissed, but wished it understood that he did not approve of the statement made by Dr. Briggs in his address.

The resolution as amended to dismiss was then read and the vote taken by roll call, resulting, 94 for to 49 against; 71 ministers and 23 elders voting in the affirmative and 26 ministers and 23 elders voting in the negative. This action, however, does not end the controversy and it will undoubtedly be taken before the New York synod.

SHE LEFT HER BABE TO BURN.

A Michigan Mother Forgot to Take her Child from a Blazing House.

MT. PLEASANT, Mich., Nov. 4.—Two children of Luther M. Tiffany, living nine miles southwest of this place in Tremont township, were burned to death late Sunday night. Tiffany was away from home and the only occupants of the house were Mrs. Tiffany and four small children and a family servant. The women and children were all asleep up stairs, and before they could be awakened the entire lower story of the house was on fire. The servant girl rushed from her room and leaped through a window without pausing to open it. She fell insensible to the ground, but is not badly hurt.

An instant later Mrs. Tiffany dropped the children out of the window one after the other, jumping herself at last. In her distraction the woman forgot the youngest child, 2 years old, and not until she reached the ground did she realize that her baby was still in the house. One of the other children whom the mother dropped from above did not reach the ground, but caught on a window ledge and was fatally burned.

A CROW SENT TO GOV. CAMPBELL.

An Akron Man Sends His Excellency Material for a Democratic Spread.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 9.—(Special.)—Governor Campbell received a large box by express containing a large live crow. It was sent by Samuel D. Blocker, of Akron, and with it came a letter, hoping that the crow would be served at the annual Democratic feast.

The governor ordered the crow to the penitentiary for two years, until after the next gubernatorial election.

ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME.

The Brooklyn Eagle Roasts the Democrats of Ohio.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—(Special.)—The *Eagle* (Democratic) says of the result in Ohio: "For the success of McKinley the Democrats have only themselves to blame. When control of the state came temporarily into their hands, they proceeded to take an unfair advantage. Never were the weapons of indecent politics more remorselessly employed than in the redistricting process designed to exclude McKinley from congress."

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The money market at New York was considerably disturbed by the failure of the Maverick Bank at Boston. That institution did a very large collection business, and its failure led to a heavy movement of funds from New York to that city, the movement of money by express being known to have been about $4,000,000. There was a temporary stringency in New York in consequence on Wednesday of last week, and money run up to 15 per cent, but fell to 6 per cent by the close of business. The average rate for call loans during the week was about 5 per cent, closing at 3 per cent Saturday.

Time money was freely offered, but borrowers were unwilling to pay the higher rate of interest demanded—5 per cent for 30 to 60 days, and 6 per cent for all longer dates, with good Stock Exchange collateral.

The fact is becoming plainer that the financial situation in Europe is not as healthy and sound as it was supposed to be. The liquidation of England's unfortunate ventures in the Argentine Republic is not entirely completed. The war in Chile affected the British investment market, and the financial depression now existent in Brazil, with the threatening political situation there, will doubtless have a more or less disturbing effect on British financial circles. To these things must be added the financial crisis now prevailing in Australia; that the situation in China, which threatens all European interests, would seriously affect an important branch of British trade; and that India is passing through a period of unusual business depression. All these exert an unfavorable influence upon the London money market, which necessarily reacts on all other financial centers, including our own.

STOCKS.—The great Boston bank failure was of course a disturbing factor in the New York stock market last week, but its effect is now practically over, and matters on the Stock Exchange returned to the normal. The reports by a number of Western railroads of large increases in their gross earnings, and the harmonious action among the trunk lines regarding rates, are all factors of strength for the future. There was light buying of stocks on foreign account.

GOLD.—Although the rate of exchange is higher, about $1,500,000 in gold arrived from Europe during last week.

SILVER.—One of the results of the November elections was to decidedly discriminate all who hoped for the success of free coinage agitation. The price of silver dropped considerably, both in New York and London. On Saturday silver bullion closed in New York at 94¼ cents per ounce, at which rate the amount of pure silver in the standard dollar is worth 78.3 cents.

BUSINESS HEALTHY AND ACTIVE.

The Enormous Crops Act as a Stimulus to all Kinds of Trade.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Reports from all parts of the country show that business though interrupted somewhat by the elections, has been healthy and large in volume. At Boston the failure of the Maverick bank caused some uneasiness, but business continues steady and healthy, no look of confidence is felt and money is easy.

The iron industry, in spite of the lowest prices known for some products, shows no despondency, and the demand for manufactured iron and steel does not diminish. The copper trade is just now unsettled, but tin is stronger, though lead is lower at 4.1c. A slight decrease appears in the latest shipments of boots and shoes from Boston. Trade in dry goods looks a little better; spring woolens are in better demand, the dress goods season is fairly satisfactory, and agents have begun to show overcoatings with fair results. Trade in cottons is not just now equal to last year's, but for the entire season thus far it has been considerably larger.

Speculation has lifted wheat 1¾ cents, though western receipts continue enormous. Exports for the week thus far are about equal to those of recent weeks. Corn has declined ⅝c, with somewhat increased receipts at the west, and cotton is ⅝c lower, with very heavy receipts at southern ports. Oil, pork, products and hogs are somewhat lower, but coffee is ⅛c higher. The general average of all prices is a shade lower for the week, and the markets are less embarrassed than usual by cliques maintaining artificial prices.

In the main, labor is well employed, with few controveries about wages. Throughout the country collections appear to be fair for the season, and on the whole gradually improving.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 266, as compared with a total of 255 last week. For the corresponding period of last year the figures were 215.

CONDITION OF THE COTTON CROP.

The Indications Are Not Favorable for a High Rate of Yield.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The cotton returns of the department of Agriculture for November are not favorable for a high rate of yield. The lateness of the crop, the extremes of temperature, the excess of rain-fall, followed by drought, causing enfeebled vitality and loss of foliage and fruit, have been unfavorable for a large crop. On the northern border of the belt killing frosts occurred on the 29th ult., in some places as early as the 23d. West of the Mississippi there has been some improvement during the past month. The season has been very favorable for picking. Quality is almost everywhere reported high, and the fibre is of good color and unusually free from trash.

The yield, as averaged from the county estimates, averages 179 pounds per acre, distributed by states as follows: Virginia, 151; North Carolina, 178; South Carolina, 160; Georgia, 155; Florida, 120; Alabama, 165; Mississippi, 190; Louisiana, 200; Texas, 195; Arkansas, 210; Tennessee, 170.

As killing frosts have not yet been general in the southern and western sections of the belt it is possible, with favorable weather following, that current expectations may be slightly exceeded.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, (
Wednesday, Nov 10, 1891.)

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 10.	Nov. 3.
U. S. 4's registered	110	110¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	116	116¾
U. S. 2's	99½	99½
Pac. 6's of '95	111	111

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 5,353,375
Loans, increase	3,216,000
Specie, decrease	1,701,900
Legal tenders, decrease	4,097,200
Deposits, decrease	1,942,000
Circulation, decrease	5,200

The banks now hold $6,085,150 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

The Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 4 per cent. Bar silver, 95¾ per cent. On the stock market after declining prices continued to rise slowly in most of the list, and the prices attained were slightly higher as a rule than the best of the forenoon. There was a reactionary tendency for a time in Northern Pacific pfd, but before the post interval reached its best figures. The most pronounced strength was shown in Chicago Gas, however, and on large transactions it rose from 56¾c to 58¾c, after which it more became comparatively quiet, and fluctuations were narrowed down still further. Toward the end of the day there was another upward movement, and at the close, the market was fairly active and strong at the best prices of the day.

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Atch	41	42	40¾	42
A. C. D	26¾	27	26¾	27
A. T	84¾	85	84¼	85
Can. Sou	58½	59¼	58	59¼
C. C. C	69½	69¾	67¾	67¾
C. B. & Q	97¾	98	96¾	98
C. & Gas Trust	56¾	58¾	56¾	58¾
Consolidated	92	92¾	91	92¾
Del. Hud	123	125	123¼	124¾
Del. Lack	135½	135½	133¾	133½
Erie	27½	29	27¾	28½
Hock. Val	29¼	30¼	29¼	30¼
L. S. C	110¾	111¾	110	111¾
Lead Tr	15½	15¾	15¼	15½
Lake Shore	122	123	122	123
Lou. & Nash	76¾	77¾	76¼	77¾
Mo. Pac	89¾	90¾	89¾	90¾
N. Pac	56¾	57¾	56¾	57¾
N. P.	25¾	25¾	24¾	25¾
N. P. pf'd	69¾	71	69¾	70¾
N. W	114¾	114¾	114	114¾
N. Y. C	110½	111	110¾	111
N. A	16¾	17¾	16¾	17¾
M. N	93	93	93	93
R. T	13	13¼	13	13¼
R. I	80½	81¾	80	81¾
Reading	35¾	37¼	36¼	37¼
Silver	95½	95¾	95½	95¾
St. Paul	73½	75¾	74¼	75¾
T. P.	53¾	57¾	56¾	57¾
T. Pac	11¾	12¼	11¾	12¼
U. Pac	39¾	39¾	39¼	39¾
Wabash	12¾	13	12¾	13
Wabash pf'd	26	27	26	27
W. Union	80¾	81¾	80¾	81¾

TRADE.

During the past week the general trade of the country was fair. The hide market has been very dull.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

This afternoon the trade in wheat was fair, but prices were lower. Corn was easier. Rye dull. Clover seed active, firm.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 99@98½c, latter to close, 1¼c decline from yesterday. No. 3 soft red, 96c. No. 1 white, 95½c; No. 2 white, 94½c. December wheat, 100½c, and to close, 99¼c, 1¼c under yesterday's figures: May wheat, 107¾@107 6-16c, 1c off.

Prices of November and December wheat to-day:

Nov.	Opened	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	....
Chicago	....	....	....	....
New York	100¾	100¾	100⅝	100⅝
St. Louis	94	94	93¾	93¾
December.				
Toledo	100¾	100¾	99¾	99⅝
Chicago	96⅞	96⅞	95⅝	95⅝
New York	108⅝	108¾	107¾	107¾
St. Louis	90¼	90¼	89¾	89¾

Corn—No. 2 old, 55c; No. 3, 45c; No. 3 yellow, 50c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 34½c; No. 3 white, 33½c.

Rye—No. 2, 90c.

Clover seed—Prime cash, $4.70; December, $4.75.

C. A. King & Co. report farmers' prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 97c; white wheat, 92c; corn, 56c; oats, 32½@34c; rye, 91c.

Flour—Spring patents, car lots, $5 15; best grades, No. 2 soft red wheat, $5 00@5 25; fair quality, $4 00@4 50.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market had a dull app